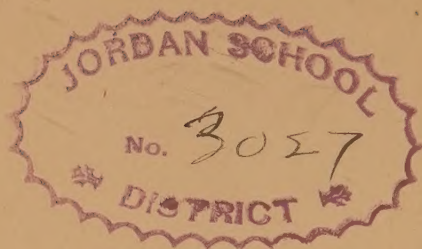


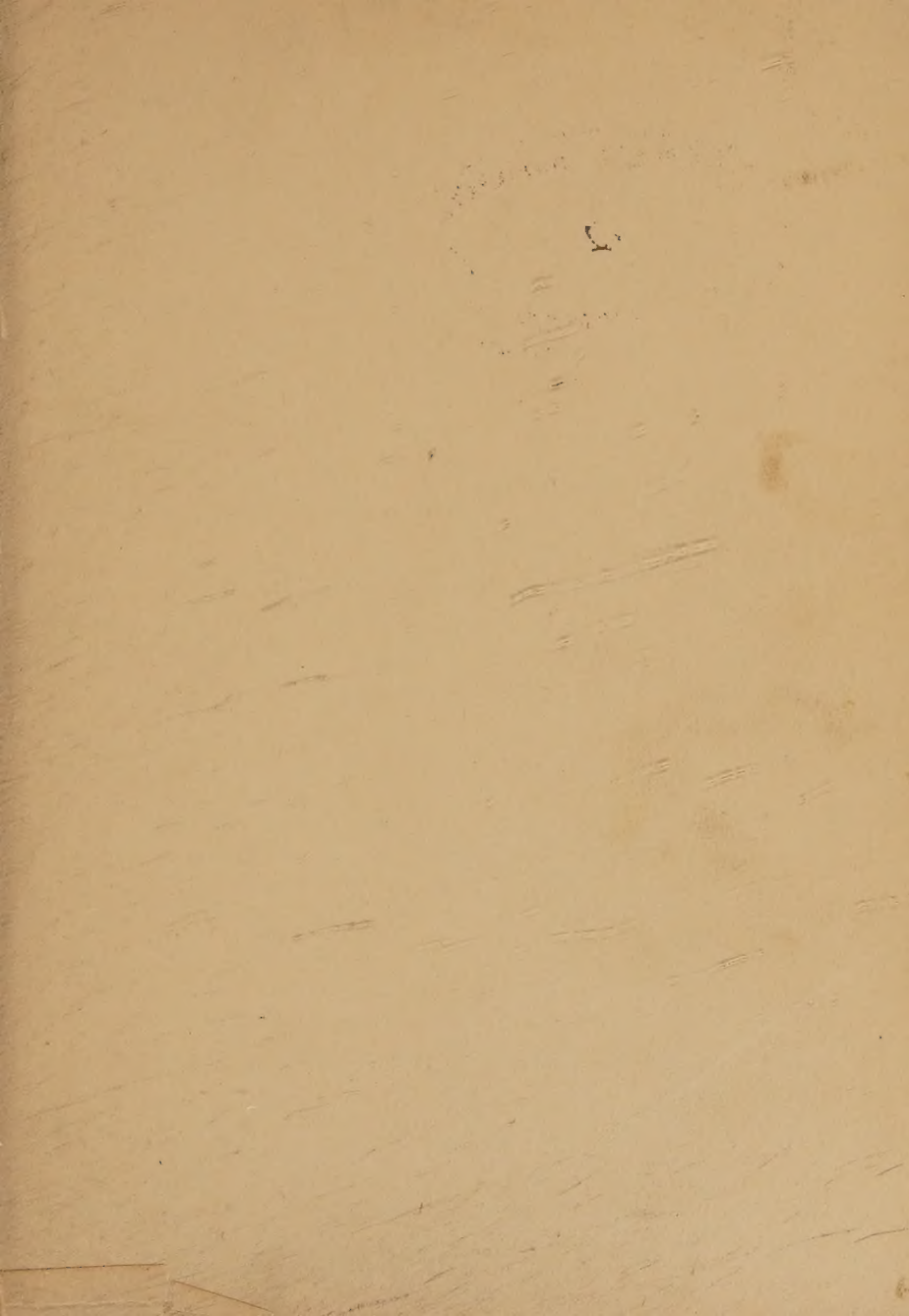
THE
SILENT
READERS

REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE

FOURTH
READER

LEWIS *and*
ROWLAND





THE SILENT READERS

REGISTERED UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE

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FOURTH READER

THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY

CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO

PHILADELPHIA

DALLAS
TORONTO, CAN.

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PRINTED IN U. S. A.

INTRODUCTION

The purpose of this series. This series of readers is definitely designed to provide working material for the development of efficient "silent reading". It is not planned to compete with the many excellent series of readers now available. The authors believe that it will efficiently supplement the well-nigh universal school practice of conducting all reading lessons aloud.

Oral reading not sufficient. In the majority of classes the pupils are all supplied with the same text. One pupil reads aloud while the others are supposed to follow his reading silently. When he has finished his portion of the text, the teacher or the pupils make corrections of his pronunciation or phrasing, and the teacher may ask questions or add comments or explanations. The incentive to adequate expression by the reader is lacking because his classmates all have the text before them; it is natural for the hearers to read on ahead of the oral reader if the material is of interest; and it is perfectly easy for them to gaze absently at the book while employing their minds with matters wholly unrelated to the class exercise. Perhaps most important of all, reading aloud is an experience of rare occurrence outside the classroom, while silent reading is a universal daily experience for all but the illiterate.

The mechanics of reading are fairly well mastered in the third—some authorities say the second—grade. Some oral reading is doubtless desirable beyond these grades, but the relative amount should diminish rapidly.

Experts have recognized the importance of silent reading for many years. Briggs and Coffman showed its value in their book, "Reading in Public Schools," published in 1908. Studies in this field have been made by Gray, Starch, Judd, Courtis, Monroe, Kelly, and many others. They have made no attempt to deny that oral reading has a place in the curriculum, but have merely pointed out that from the third grade

on its place is less and less important in comparison with silent reading.

Reading to get the thought quickly. Once the mechanics of reading are mastered, the problem becomes one of speed and accuracy in thought-getting. Upon these two qualities depends the pupil's progress in school and his use of the deluge of ideas that appeal only through the printed page. If he reads and understands, if he quickly grasps the important idea from a mass of details, if he arranges the relations of the ideas presented, we say that he is good in geography, history, science, or mathematics. If he comprehends only slowly or fails to understand, he is a dullard or a defective.

Speed usually goes with comprehension. At first glance it would seem that comprehension would be inversely proportional to speed; that is, the greater the speed the poorer the comprehension and *vice versa*. The standard tests of Gray, Courtis, Kelly, and Monroe, however, which have been given to thousands of children, prove exactly the reverse. The rapid silent readers have almost invariably shown the best understanding of the matter read. It would thus seem that concentrated effort on either speed or comprehension would tend to improve the other factor. It is necessary, however, to test speed results carefully to insure conscientious reading of the text.

The material in these books. In selecting the material for these books the authors have purposely avoided the established paths of literary reputation, and have selected from a wide variety of sources interesting material representative of the printed matter the child will inevitably read. Every effort has been made to avoid the necessity of explanation by the teacher to elucidate the text. In general, the exercises have been under- rather than over-graded, as the pupil should read for content and should be as far as possible relieved from technical grammatical or vocabulary difficulties. Occasionally, however, in each book exercises somewhat more difficult or of a more or less unusual nature have been included,

because everyone, old or young, is called upon to read a variety of material, and pupils should have some experience with selections that require special effort.

Why we read. Most of the reading which we do has one of three purposes: we read for information; we read for instruction; we read for appreciation or entertainment. These purposes are somewhat determined by the nature of the material read. Rarely do we read an encyclopedia article for appreciation. On the other hand, we lose ourselves in the quiet humor of *Rip Van Winkle* merely for entertainment through appreciation. Contrasted with this would be our reading of a biography of Irving in order to find out who were his American contemporaries. The boy who reads an explanation of how to make a rabbit trap with the purpose of making one is reading for instruction, while his father who scans the evening paper to see how his representative in Congress or the State Legislature voted on a bill is reading purely for information.

The Pedagogical Editing. The authors have kept constantly in mind the purposes of each selection in the directions they have given to the pupils. They have also had clearly in mind certain fundamental things that they wish pupils to learn and certain habits which they wish them to form by the use of these books. A perusal of the directions given before and after any given selection will suffice to make this purpose clear. For example, much attention is given to the writing of headings for certain parts of a selection or to the statement of the most important thought in a given paragraph. With increasing emphasis in the upper grades this type of exercise is developed into the complete outline. The authors believe that practice of this kind will develop in pupils the habit of looking for the important thought and of grouping around it related subordinate ideas. This is perhaps the habit most essential to good reading for instruction or information. On the other hand, selections which are of a purely literary character and which should be read for appreciation and entertainment are given without exhaustive notes or questions,

because minute discussion of this kind of reading would detract from its value.

Method of handling the books. Many teachers will prefer to keep the books in the class room, distributing them at the time of the silent reading lesson and collecting them again at its conclusion. In this way the material will remain fresh, and the drill exercises will always be under the control of the teacher.

In many places, however, text books are not supplied by the school authorities but are purchased by the pupils directly. Inasmuch as this series of books contains all the necessary instruction for the use of each exercise, they become peculiarly helpful where the pupil is thrown upon his own resources. He is able to test his own speed and comprehension and his ability to analyze or outline any of the material by the plain directions that are given for handling the books. Although the instructions accompanying various selections are addressed to the pupils, they contain suggestions for the teacher. It is, therefore, important that the teacher read in advance of the lesson such instructions or comments as appear before or after the text or the particular exercise to be read.

Speed drills. As much of the value of teaching silent reading lies in the development of speed, a number of exercises are designated as speed drills. For these drills it is suggested that the teacher prepare, on the mimeograph if possible, a considerable number of slips to be filled out arranged as follows:

10/4/22
Date

5A
Grade

G. P. W.
Teacher's Initials
or Room Number.

Name of Exercise	Page
<u>Pupils</u>	<u>Time in Minutes</u>
Brown, Mary	5½
Carmalt, Joseph	3
Derr, Jane	4

Eldridge, Henry	5
Fisher, Mary	5½
Green, Alice	6
Hunt, Roy	8½
Knowlton, William	5
Manly, Rose	4
Morris, Mary	4½
Newton, George	5
Newton, Thomas	4½
Orr, Robert	5
Pierce, Helen	6
Porter, Clara	5
Roberts, John	4
Rowe, Gertrude	6
Smith, Fred	5
Vaughn, Lee	6
Wilson, Alice	3½

1-3, 1-3½, 3-4, 2-4½, 6-5, 2-5½, 4-6, 1-8½.

Class median 5

Class mode 5

For a speed drill the teacher should have one of these slips and a watch with a second hand. A stop watch would be valuable. Directions should be given for all the pupils to begin reading at the same moment and raise their hands as a signal to the teacher when they have finished. The teacher should give the signal for them to begin as the second hand of her watch reaches sixty. As each pupil raises his hand indicating that he is finished, the teacher should note the time in half minutes opposite that pupil's name on the drill sheet. Any pupil's time should be indicated at the nearest half minute space. For example, a pupil who finishes at two minutes ten seconds should be marked as two minutes; one who finishes at two minutes twenty seconds, at two and one-half.

Mode and Median. In the illustration above, the sheet has

been filled with names and scores of a supposed fifth grade class of twenty pupils. On this sheet three minutes occurs once, three and one-half minutes once, four minutes three times, four and one-half minutes twice, five minutes six times, five and one-half minutes twice, six minutes four times and eight and one-half minutes once. The number occurring the largest number of times is five.

This number is called the "mode".

If all the scores are arranged in order with the highest score at the top and the lowest score at the bottom, the middle score in this series is called the "median" and is in this case also "five".

Individual scores. The class median or mode is, however, not so significant as the individual scores. The class score is always determined by the ease or difficulty as well as by the length of the particular exercise read. This makes comparison with other exercises almost valueless. The only significant comparison in this case is between individuals of the same class, and between the score of this class and of other classes of parallel grade who have read the same exercise.

Important facts for G. P. W., the class teacher, in this case are the individual scores and their relative standing. Roy Hunt, who took eight and one-half minutes to read this exercise, is the slowest reader on this occasion. Is this true of other occasions? If so, Roy needs special help and training. It is also clear that Joseph Carmalt and Alice Wilson are rapid readers and it is important to see that their comprehension of the exercise is also adequate. Thus, for the class teacher the important facts are the relative scores of the pupils both in comparison with other pupils and with the former scores of the same pupils.

Scale of approximate speed. The following scale of speeds by grades is based roughly on the Courtis standard tests and may be somewhat helpful to the teacher who may desire such norms.

Grade	Words per minute
4.....	140-180
5.....	160-200
6.....	180-220
7.....	190-230
8.....	200-240

Of course it must be recognized that no standard speeds are possible without also standardizing the material. To be absolutely accurate, each separate exercise should be its own speed standard. This, although possible, would be a device so cumbersome as to defeat its own purpose. Every bit of reading presents its peculiar difficulties, its slow spots, its points of interest, its urge to hurry on. These in turn vary with the apperception of the reader, with his peculiarities, his interests, and his motives. These largely determine his speed. The authors have thought it unwise in the vast majority of cases to indicate with any degree of definiteness the time required for various exercises. Their experience in trying out these exercises with different classes showed so wide a variation that it was thought that specific statements would tend only to mislead the teacher.

Testing Comprehension. It is, however, equally important that the teacher know that the pupils are understanding what they read. As each pupil is reading silently, there is no guarantee of comprehension without some form of check. This may be as simple a device as watching the expression of the children's faces to see registered there appreciation of the exercise read; or it may be as complex as a dramatic reproduction of the incidents.

Devices for checking comprehension are suggested in connection with each exercise. The more usual and effective methods of teaching comprehension are dramatization, reproduction, writing of headlines, development of outlines, expression of opinion based upon facts read, topical analysis, the naming of characters and statements of their relationships, and appreciation of ethical or artistic appeal.

The test material. The drill exercises, although modeled in some cases upon the standard reading and intelligence tests, expressly disclaim any attempt to displace or supersede these tests. The function of the two is wholly different. The material in the readers is for drill and improvement in speed and comprehension. The standard tests are for the measurement of achievement. No devices can be used as a measure until it has been standardized by application in thousands of concrete cases without substantial variation.

Standard Tests. This is the case with a number of standard tests now in general use. In the field of reading the most notable are the Courtis Standard Tests devised by S. A. Courtis, Director of Instruction, Teacher Training and Research, and Dean of Teachers College, Detroit, Michigan, and Walter S. Monroe, Professor of Education and Director of the Bureau of Educational Research, University of Illinois. The necessary instructions, record blanks and test sheets giving these tests may be obtained as follows:

DIRECTIONS FOR ORDERING STANDARDIZED TESTS

Test.	How many tests to order.	How many directions, record sheets, and other accessories to order.	Used in what grades.	Publisher.	Price.
Monroe's Standardized Silent Reading Tests	One copy of the test for each pupil.	All directions are printed on either the test or on the class record sheet. One record sheet is furnished with each 25 copies of the test. Additional copies may be ordered if desired.	3 to 8	Public School Pub- licity Co., Bloomington, Illinois.	Including complete directions and record sheets, 60c per 100 copies; postage extra, 9c per 100.
Courtis's Silent Reading Test No. 2	One copy of the test for each pupil.	Folder B, Series R, contains detailed directions for giving the test and for scoring by the pupils. One copy is needed for each person giving the test. Folder D, Series R, contains detailed directions for completing the scoring, for recording the scores, and for calculating class scores. One copy is needed for each person giving the test. A class record sheet for recording the scores of a class is needed for each class. A school record and graph sheet for Silent Reading No. 2 is needed for each school.	2 to 6	S. A. Courtis.	Test only, \$1.80 per 100; Folder B, 5c; Folder D, 5c; Class Record Sheet, 1½c each; Record Sheet No. 3 and Graph Sheet 1½c each.

These tests should be given at least once a year and if possible semi-annually in order to determine progress in speed and comprehension in silent reading, as well as to measure the pupils by a well established standard.

Topical recitation. Particular emphasis, especially in the later grades, should be placed upon the complete presentation of a topic by a pupil standing in front of the class and making the group understand what he has to say without questions by the teacher. More and more this is coming to be emphasized as a means of good teaching everywhere; and pupils are being trained to stand before a group of their classmates and give an intelligent account of anything of which they have adequate knowledge without the painful tooth-pulling process of extracting ideas.

The philosophy of study. One of the most important results of efficient teaching of silent reading is the contribution which it makes to the whole problem of study in the school. Briggs says that the primary purpose of the school is to teach people to do better the desirable things that they are likely to do anyway. One of the desirable things that school children are not only likely but certain to have to do is to study. A large portion of the studying that the child as well as the adult does consists in the acquirement of information from the printed page. It is essentially silent reading. Much of the difficulty teachers now meet in the inability of their pupils to study will be dispelled by effective teaching of silent reading. Probably no use of the same amount of time would yield more definite and valuable results than will thorough instruction in the process of thought getting from a printed page—in other words—silent reading.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the following authors and publishers for their courtesy in allowing the use of the copyrighted material in this volume: to *The Youth's Companion* for Catha Wells' "The Debt", Anna C. Ayer's "Jack o' Lantern", Nancy Byrd Turner's "The Red Rubber Ball", John Clair Minot's "The Stolen Honey", and Nancy Lord's "The Tale the Zebras Tell"; to Wells, Gardner, Darton and Company for "Cock-alu and Hen-alie" and two stories from J. E. Macnair's "Animal Tales from Africa"; to the Franklin Publishing Company for three selections from Albert Lindsay Rowland's "Heroes of Early American History"; to the Milton Bradley Company for "The Open Gate" from Maud Lindsay's "Mother Stories"; to Cassell and Company for "Seeing Things" and "Keeping the Doctor Away" from Amy B. Barnard's "Talks With Children about Themselves"; to A. and C. Black for "Momotaro's Friends" from "A Peep at Japan"; and to George Allen and Unwin for "Finding Treasure" and "How the World Came to an End" from "Conduct Stories" by F. J. Gould.

The authors of *The Silent Readers* wish to acknowledge the careful and efficient assistance of Miss Mabel Dodge Holmes of the William Penn High School of Philadelphia, and of Superintendent Sidney V. Rowland of Radnor Township, Pa.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
LEARNING TO READ SILENTLY.....	1
THE DEBT..... <i>Catha Wells</i>	2
ARTIFICIAL SILK.....	5
THE MOST PRECIOUS METAL.....	6
A LITTLE SOLDIER OF FRANCE.....	7
CLEAR THINKING.....	13
THE SUN'S TRAVELS..... <i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	14
COCK-ALU AND HEN-ALIE.....	15
ACTING FOR THE "MOVIES".....	25
TAKING CARE OF MY PROPERTY AND YOURS	
<i>Mabel Dodge Holmes</i>	27
THE GOAT, THE LION, THE LEOPARD, AND THE HYENA	
<i>J. E. Macnair</i>	31
LEIF THE LUCKY..... <i>Albert Lindsay Rowland</i>	39
BY-PRODUCTS.....	46
CLASSIFICATION.....	47
THE GIANT'S NEW YEAR.....	48
JACK O'LANTERN..... <i>Anna C. Ayer</i>	60
THE GREAT WHITE FEATHER.....	62
CLEAR THINKING.....	70
THE RED RUBBER BALL..... <i>Nancy Byrd Turner</i>	71
WHY THE MOON CHANGES.....	74
PROBLEMS IN UNDERSTANDING.....	77
THE OPEN GATE..... <i>Maud Lindsay</i>	79
PICTURE BOOKS IN WINTER..... <i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	85

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.....	<i>Albert Lindsay Rowland</i>	86
PUTTING THINGS IN THEIR PLACES.....		91
BLOCK CITY.....	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	92
STEVENSON WAS THE GOOD FAIRY		93
THE STOLEN HONEY.....	<i>John Clair Minot</i>	94
WHAT A LIBRARY BOOK SAID.....		98
QUESTIONS OF FACT.....		99
THE LITTLE BLUE SPOOL.....		100
A QUEEN AND A MUSIC LESSON.....		101
THE HAYLOFT.....	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	103
MIXED SENTENCES.....		104
THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.....		105
TRUE OR FALSE?.....		106
SEEING THINGS.....	<i>Amy B. Barnard</i>	107
TWO PROBLEMS.....		109
THE HOUSE WHERE GOLDBLOCKS VISITED THE BEARS..		110
THE RED DRESS.....		111
CAN YOU ACT?.....		114
SINGING.....	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	115
MOMOTARO'S FRIENDS.....	<i>John Simmons</i>	116
THE TALE THE ZEBRAS TELL.....	<i>Nancy Lord</i>	119
THE WIND.....	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	121
MOLLY MEETS THE UNWISEMAN... ..	<i>John Kendrick Bangs</i>	122
THE BUTTERFLY WHO MADE THE FLOWERS HAPPY.....		134
HOW EDISON GOT HIS START		136
SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN.....	<i>Albert Lindsay Rowland</i>	137
THE DISCONTENTED CLOUD.....		145
PAPER-MAKING.....		147
LITTLE PLAYS.....		148
BED IN SUMMER.....	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	149

	PAGE
FINDING TREASURE.....	<i>F. J. Gould</i> 150
A MOTHER GOOSE PROBLEM.....	153
THE SPIDER AND THE LION.....	<i>J. E. Macnair</i> 154
COMPARISONS.....	160
HOW THE WORLD CAME TO AN END.....	<i>F. J. Gould</i> 161
CORRECTING LISTS.....	164
THE LITTLE MAID OF NORWAY.....	165
KEEPING THE DOCTOR AWAY.....	<i>Amy B. Barnard</i> 170
A LITTLE NURSE.....	173
ARE YOU QUICK TO UNDERSTAND?.....	174
THE THREE SWORDS.....	175
FRIENDS IN MISFORTUNE.....	<i>Charlotte M. Yonge</i> 189
THE FOUNTAIN ANGEL.....	<i>Fanny Barry</i> 198
A BRAVE LITTLE FRENCHMAN.....	204
CLEAR THINKING.....	208
AMBER BEADS.....	<i>Mabel Dodge Holmes</i> 209
OPPOSITES.....	215
THE STORY OF JOSEPH.....	<i>Jesse Lyman Hurlbut</i> 216
JOSEPH IN PRISON.....	221
HOW JOSEPH'S DREAM CAME TRUE.....	227
A LOST BROTHER FOUND.....	233
MIXED SENTENCES.....	240
LONGER LISTS.....	241
TOM'S TRIP ON A DREAM CLOUD.....	<i>John Kendrick Bangs</i> 242
THE POKER TELLS HIS STORY.....	242
WORDS OUT OF PLACE.....	255

LEARNING TO READ SILENTLY

The book which you are now beginning has been specially prepared for you to read to yourselves silently, because that is the way you will have to read most often when you grow up. You must even try not to move your lips as you read. Very few people have to read aloud, while everybody must read silently many times every day. This does not mean that you should not know how to read aloud. Occasionally you will have to do so, but much more often will your reading have to be silent.

One advantage in reading silently is that one can read much faster in that way and, therefore, can read a great deal more in the same time, because it takes time to pronounce all the words clearly and this time is largely saved in silent reading. One of the purposes of this book is to teach you to read quickly, much more quickly than you have read before, and at the same time to understand clearly all that you have read.

In order to read more rapidly to yourself than you can read aloud it is necessary that you do not stop to pronounce to yourself each word that you read. Indeed, you must learn to see groups of words at one time rather than single letters or syllables or even words, and having seen a group of words in one glance, grasp the meaning of the whole group or phrase and quickly pass on to the next.

You should keep in mind, all the time, the importance of speed, particularly at first while you are forming the habit of silent reading. But also remember that speed is of no value unless you thoroughly understand all you have read.

THE DEBT

Here is a story of a boy who hated to do the thing that he knew he ought to do. Did you ever hear that the person who is good for something is the one who does what he ought to do when he ought to do it, whether he wants to do it or not?

It had been a wonderful season for nuts. The trees had so outdone themselves that it was clear no nut-eating creature need go hungry that winter. Nevertheless, just for sheer fun, boys and squirrels continued to hunt until there was scarcely a nut left on tree or ground.

Even then Chester Brown was not content. He went out one last time with his big sack, determined to fill it somehow and add it to his store in the feed room.

After he had searched in vain for a long time, he scrambled up to a rocky ledge not far from a big hickory-nut tree. To his great surprise he stumbled on a hollow that extended back under the ledge, as big as a small-sized cave. It was half full of dry leaves.

"Ha, here's a find!" said Chester to himself.

He scooped up the leaves in great handfuls and threw them away. At the last handful he chuckled aloud; the whole bottom of the hollow was lined with big ripe nuts!

Chester knew it was Johnny Squirrel's whole winter supply that he had found, but the sun was nearly down and he was very hungry; so he set to work at once to transfer the stock from the hollow to his sack. There were just enough to fill the sack.

As he arose to his feet he heard a shrill chattering not far away. Looking up, he saw Johnny Squirrel

perched on a branch of the hickory-nut tree, protesting shrilly. Chester hesitated. How would it feel to have a huge creature come and take his stock of nuts, he wondered. That would be hard to stand, he knew; in fact, he doubted whether he would stand it. But the next minute he had flung the sack over his shoulder and was off.

That night he dreamed that Johnny Squirrel was chattering at his window. It was only a shutter scraping, but it waked Chester wide, and he lay for some time thinking about the matter of the nuts. The next morning he did not have the heart, somehow, to pour the nuts on the feed-room floor with the rest of his supply. And all day he thought about the angry little squirrel face that had peered down at him from the limb of the tree.

The second night it snowed silently for hours, and by morning there was a deep snow on the ground. At breakfast Chester looked up from his oatmeal and cream.

"Father, will this snow hurt things?" he asked.

"Oh, no," was the reply. "It's good for the wheat, and ——"

"I mean animals."

"The animals will stay in the barn."

"But wild things, like—birds," stammered Chester, looking hard at his spoon.

"The birds have all gone South by now."

"But the—squirrels." At last the right word was out.

His father laughed. "Bless you, boy, we don't

have to worry about squirrels! If the squirrels didn't have foresight enough to lay in a good supply of this year's huge nut crop, they have no one but themselves to blame."

Chester shoved away his oatmeal. "I have something important to do," he murmured, as he left the table.

Ploughing his way through the snow to the barn, Chester loaded himself with an armful of straw, a shovel, and the sack of nuts, and then set off for the hickory woods. When he reached the rocky ledge he knew, by the tiny tracks in the snow, that a visitor had been there before him. Evidently Johnny Squirrel, hoping against hope, had come back again and again to see if a single nut had been left.

Chester's heart smote him. "He must be nearly starved," was his thought.

The mouth of the little cave was choked with snow, but when Chester had shoveled it away he found the hollow dry as a bone. He poured the nuts quickly into the hole and covered them deep with the straw he had brought.

"Whoop!" he said, as he straightened up. "I'm glad that's done!"

Just as he turned to go he heard a slight stir behind him. Whirling round, he saw Johnny Squirrel perched on a limb, watching him. This time the little squirrel was silent, but his black eyes were keen with interest, and he looked as if he could hardly wait for a chance to rush down and see what had happened.

"They're all back, old fellow!" Chester called.

“Every single one of them! If you don’t believe me, come and count ’em yourself.”

As he hurried back through the deep snow he heard Johnny Squirrel chattering loudly; but this time his chatter had a friendly sound.

—Catha Wells.

Courtesy of “The Youth’s Companion”.

This kind of story makes one realize that animals have feelings much like those of human beings; a thing we often forget. What might have happened had Chester not returned the nuts? What difference did it make to Chester himself?

ARTIFICIAL SILK

This short paragraph ought to take you about two minutes to read. Can you read it as quickly as that, and be able to tell what it is about?

Have you ever watched a caterpillar spinning its cocoon? Do you remember the very fine threads of which the cocoon is made? It is from these very fine threads that the natural silk which we get from China is made. But some very wise man has found a way to make silk without the help of the silkworm. He uses all sorts of waste material—even sawdust can be used. This waste material is first made into a kind of jelly, really very much like the substance which the silk-worm spins from its own body and uses to make its cocoon. This jelly is forced through very fine holes in glass and comes out in very, very slender threads of artificial silk. Indeed, these are so slender that a dozen or more must be twisted together to make the silk thread that we buy at the store on spools.

THE MOST PRECIOUS METAL

If someone asked you what was the most precious metal, you would answer "Gold," would you not? And you would be right, if the most precious thing is the highest-priced thing, for pure gold is the most costly of all metals, except that rare metal, platinum. But sometimes we judge the value of a thing not by its cost but by its usefulness. Maybe you will change your mind about gold when you read this list of things that iron and steel, which is made from iron, are used for.

Iron vessels cross the ocean;
Iron engines give them motion;
Iron pipe our gas delivers;
Iron bridges span our rivers;
Iron stoves for cooking victuals;
Iron ovens, pots and kettles;
Iron horses draw our loads;
Iron rails compose our roads;
Iron houses, iron walls;
Iron cannon, iron balls;
Iron axes, knives and chains;
Iron augers, saws and planes;
Iron lightning rods on spires;
Iron telegraphic wires;
Iron hammers, nails and screws—
Iron in everything we use.

How many uses for iron are mentioned in this list?

Can you add any others?

Can gold do any of these things?

Make a list of all the things you can think of that gold is used for.

Could you use silver or copper instead of gold in these cases?

What is the most precious metal? Why?

A LITTLE SOLDIER OF FRANCE

This story is a story of the World's War. It is interesting, and you are to read it just as fast as you can. When you have finished, see if you can answer the questions which your teacher will ask you.

Marcel and Leon were two little French orphans, who lived in the big orphanage tucked away in the lap of the hills in sunny France. Not far off was the church, and beyond this the quaint little village where Marcel and Leon first lived with their parents.

Leon was quite a big boy, ten years old, but Marcel was only a baby learning to toddle; the dearest, sweetest baby that you ever saw, with pansy eyes and laughing dimples and chestnut rings of curly hair.

So very long it seemed to Leon now, since his dear father, dressed in the wonderful blue soldier clothes, had marched away to fight for France, their beloved country. And then afterwards, when word came that a cruel German shell had killed him, the dear little mother had grieved herself to death—and that is why Leon and baby Marcel lived in the orphanage. But Leon remembered well the day his mother called him to her side and placing her hand on his head, said with a smile, "You are Mother's big, strong boy! I am going away from you, Leon; take good care of Marcel. She will have only you now—keep her from harm."

Leon hardly knew just what she meant then. He loved to hear her call him her big strong boy, and rolling up his sleeve he proudly showed his muscle. "See, Mother," he exclaimed, "isn't that a fine, strong muscle? And when I grow into a big man like Father,

it will be stronger still! I am going to be a soldier then and fight for France—and I shall kill the Germans too, because they shot my father and made you sick.”

“Hush, hush, my boy,” the mother replied sadly, “France needs soldiers that can be strong and brave and yet not kill. Kiss me good night, and remember what I have said. Be brave and good always, love your flag, and take good care of Marcel.”

Those were her very words; and Leon had never forgotten. Often and often when he wished to be away at play with other boys, he had stayed to play with Marcel instead. She was his joy and his care. For hours and hours he played with her, carried her into the fields to gather crimson poppies, rode her back on his shoulder, and slept on a cot by her side at night, that he might always hear her slightest cry.

And then came the day of horrors to the little French village—a day when German raiders rode pell-mell through the peaceful streets, entered the homes, carried away all food, wine, clothing, furniture, silver, jewelry; and then setting fire to the houses, shot in their tracks those who fled in panic into the streets.

And Leon and baby Marcel—where do you suppose they were all this time? Listen and you shall hear.

Early that morning Leon had gone to the basement floor of the orphanage to help with the laundry. Of course Marcel toddled behind him, and having grown tired of playing alone, fell asleep on Leon’s coat near the open window, for the day was still and close.

It was here that Leon left her a few minutes later to go on an errand for the matron, never dreaming that

he would be long away, or that any danger could come to Marcel. He had made the trip and was coming back when suddenly the noise of shot and shell, hurrying footsteps, and piercing screams fell on his ears, while high into the blue summer sky the crimson flames from burning homes leaped and curled.

Still in his tracks stood Leon, for fear clutched at his heart. He knew, he had heard many times what these screams, these flying feet and these terrible flames meant—it was German warfare.

“To the church! to the church!” cried the voice of a young girl as she fled past him. Surely God’s house would be a safe place to hide; and, turning, Leon ran blindly after her. But he had run only a very few steps when all at once his heart stood still and his breath came hot and dry as he cried out wildly, “Marcel! Marcel!”

High on the hill he could see the matrons and children streaming from the orphanage and running towards the church for safety, but though he strained his eyes in eager hope as he ran towards them, he saw no one carrying his baby sister, curly-haired Marcel. She had been forgotten in the panic. Leon alone knew that she lay asleep in the basement.

“Hurry, boy! Why do you stop? Do you not know it is death to linger? You will be killed.”

But Leon did not heed the voice of the old man who hobbled by him on the road. Darting up the hill like a young deer, he ran with all his strength towards the orphanage. If he could only get Marcel and carry her to the church before the soldiers came! Behind him,

along the village road, rang the tramp of galloping horses. But Leon did not stop. Already he had reached the gates. Breathlessly he sped across the lawn and leaped through the basement window—and yes, there lay Marcel, asleep just as he had left her.

But horses, you know, travel faster than boys, and just as Leon clasped Marcel in his arms, three rowdy **soldiers** galloped into the yard, and in a moment more their heavy boots sounded on the porch above in evil search of more prey. With strength born of the hour, Leon crept from the window with Marcel still asleep in his arms. Crossing the lawn softly he reached the gate in safety, crossed the road, and ran into the strip of woods that separated him from the church. A few yards more and he would be safe and then—bang! bang! bang! The shots seem to fall over and all about him, and with a dull thud poor little Leon dropped to the ground, baby Marcel beneath him.

But the loveliest part of the story is yet to come; for bounding through the strip of woods came a big American soldier. He stooped, picked Leon up in his arms, and wiped the dust and grit from a slight wound on his head. The little boy had only been stunned, and now opened his eyes and gazed wonderingly into the smiling face of the soldier dressed in khaki. Could he be dreaming? and where was Marcel?

“Bravo, little soldier of France! That was a brave run!” And then the big soldier of Uncle Sam hugged Leon with a regular bear hug. “But for the love of Mike, what is that in your bundle? Holy smoke, if it isn’t a baby girl! And where do we go from here?”



F.R.

A LITTLE SOLDIER OF FRANCE

Of course that soldier boy was surprised to see Marcel's curly head bob up, with her pretty face all primed for a cry.

"To the church; I am going to carry Marcel to the church," replied Leon, still a little dazed. "Don't you see, the Germans have burned the village and set fire to the orphanage? We have nowhere else to go."

Even then, as the little group turned towards the pretty Orphans' Home, the roof fell in with a crash as the flames shot high in the air. "Beasts!" muttered the khaki soldier. "Three of them at least will burn no more villages or shoot at babies either. I got here just in time to send them shot for shot." Stooping he took Marcel in his arms and kissed her tears away. "Come, little soldier of France," he said to Leon, "we will go to the church together. Right proud I am to hold your hand, too, and if some day you do not wear your country's cross of honor, my name is not Sammy!"

And now my story is ended. It is a truly true story and not a makebelieve at all, because it really happened just as I have told you.

—*Madge A. Bingham in "National School Service".*

Your teacher will call on you in turn to tell parts of this story. The following topics will help you to prepare:

1. How Leon came to have charge of Marcel.
2. How Leon took care of Marcel.
3. Where Leon and Marcel were when the Germans came.
4. How Leon went back and got Marcel.
5. How they were saved.

CLEAR THINKING.

Here are some problems which you will find it fun to solve. Read each problem carefully in order that you may know exactly what to do. If you are successful, it will be partly because you read the directions carefully and carefully follow them. When you have finished the last problem, sign your name at the bottom of the paper and wait for your classmates.

1. Write on the first line the number next after 5 and the second number after 7.

2. Write on the second line all the words in this sentence that contain the letter *t*.

3. If cornmeal is better to eat than sawdust, write the word *good* on the third line, but if not, put a cross (x) there.

4. If miners carry picks, what do soldiers carry? Write your answer on the fourth line.

5. There is a word in the following list which does not belong there. If you can find it write this word on the fifth line:

book pencil horse ruler pen blotter

6. Here is a figure made up of a circle and a square. If there is more of the circle inside the square than there is outside the square, draw a circle on the sixth line. If not, draw a square there.

7. Write a sentence containing these words: New York, money, ships.



8. Different things feel different to your touch.

If glass is smoother than sandpaper, write *yes*. If not, write *no*.

THE SUN'S TRAVELS

Have you ever thought how strange it is, when you are safe in bed and it is quite dark, that over in Asia, half way round



the world, little boys and girls are playing, with the bright sun high overhead? This poem will make you think how busy the sun is, shedding light wherever he goes.

The sun is not a-bed, when I
At night upon my pillow lie;
Still round the earth his way he takes,
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,
We round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian sleepy-head
Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic sea;
And all the children in the West
Are getting up and being dressed.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

The teacher will think of a number of questions to test the understanding of this poem. You should know that Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Scotland and that the Indians he speaks of are the people of India and not our American Indians. What country lies beyond the Atlantic Sea for the people who live in Scotland?

COCK-ALU AND HEN-ALIE

There are lots of people who have the best intentions in the world, but who seldom accomplish anything. They rarely do much good and soon get a reputation for being unreliable, so that they are not trusted with any matters of importance. On the other hand, there are those other people who never make much fuss, but who always seem to do the right thing when it is most needed. Here is a story of a cock who was of the first sort and of a hen who was of the second.

The animals in this story speak in an odd way and use many expressions that you would probably never use. However, the meaning is generally perfectly clear. One often meets similar strange uses of words and it is important that you have practice in reading and understanding them.

Cock-alu and Hen-alie sat on the perch above the bean-straw. It was four o'clock in the morning, and Cock-alu clapped his wings and crowed; then, turning to Hen-alie, he said: "Hen-alie, my little wife, I love you better than all the world; you know I do. I always told you so! I will do anything for you; I'll go round the world for you; I'll travel as far as the sun for you! You know I would! Tell me, what shall I do for you?"

"Crow!" said Hen-alie.

"Oh, that is such a little thing!" said Cock-alu, and crowed with all his might. He crowed so loud that he woke the farmer's wife, and the dog and the cat, and all the pigeons and horses in the stable, and the cow in the stall. He crowed so loud that all the neighbors' cocks heard him and answered him, and they woke all their people; and thus Cock-alu woke the whole parish.

"I've done it rarely this morning!" said Cock-alu; "I told you I would do anything to please you!"

The next morning at breakfast, as Hen-alie was picking beans out of the bean-straw, one stuck in her throat, and she was soon so ill that she was almost ready to die.

"Oh, Cock-alu," said she, calling to him in the yard, where he stood clapping his wings in the sunshine, "run and fetch me a drop of water from the silver-spring in the Beech-wood! Fetch me a drop quickly, while the dew is in it; for that is the true remedy."

But Cock-alu was so busy crowing against a neighbor that he took no notice.

"Oh, Cock-alu, do run and fetch me the water from the silver-spring, or I shall die; for the bean sticks in my throat, and nothing but water with dew in it can cure me! Oh, Cock-alu dear, run quickly!"

Cock-alu heard her this time, and set off, crowing as he went. He had not gone far before he met the snail.

"Where are you going, snail?" said he.

"I'm going to the cow-cabbage," said the snail; "and what urgent business may it be that takes you out thus early, Cock-alu?" said the snail.

"I'm going to the silver-spring in the Beech-wood, to fetch a drop of water for my wife Hen-alie, who has got a bean in her throat," said Cock-alu.

"Oh," said the snail, "run along quickly, and get the water while the dew is in it; for nothing else will get a bean out of the throat. Don't stop by the way, for the bull is coming down to the silver-spring to drink

and he will trouble the water. Gather up my silver-trail, however, and give it to Hen-alie with my love."

Cock-alu hastily gathered up the silver-trail which the snail left. "This will make Hen-alie a pair of stockings!" said he, and went on his way.

He had not gone far before he met the wood-pigeon. "Good morning, pigeon," said he; "and which way are you going?"

"I am going to the pea-field," said the pigeon, "to get peas for my young ones; and what may your business be this morning, Cock-alu?"

"I'm going to the silver-spring in the Beech-wood, to fetch a drop of water for my wife Hen-alie, who has got a bean in her throat."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said the pigeon; "but don't let me detain you, for water with the dew in it is the best thing to get a bean out of the throat; and let me advise you to make haste, for the bloodhound is going to lap at the spring, and he will trouble the water. So run along, and here, take with you my blue velvet neck-ribbon, and give it to Hen-alie with my love, and I hope she'll soon be better.

"Oh, what a nice pair of garters this will make for Hen-alie!" exclaimed Cock-alu, and went on his way.

He had not gone far before he met the wild-cat. "Good morning, friend," said Cock-alu; "and where may you be going to this morning?"

"I'm going to get a young wood-pigeon for my breakfast, while the mother is gone to the pea-field," said the wild-cat; "and where may you be travelling to this morning, Cock-alu?"

"I'm going to the silver-spring in the Beech-wood," replied Cock-alu, "to get a drop of water for my little wife Hen-alie, who has got a bean in her throat".

"That's a bad business," said the wild-cat, "but a drop of water with the dew in it is the right remedy; so don't let me keep you; and you had better make haste, for the woodman is on his way to fell a tree by the spring, and if a branch falls into it, the water will be troubled; so off with you! but carry with you a flash of green fire from my right eye, and give it to Hen-alie with my love, and I hope she'll soon be better".

"Oh, what beautiful green light, like the green on my best tail-feathers! I'll keep it for myself; it's fitter for me than for Hen-alie!" said Cock-alu.

So he hung the green light on his tail-feathers, which made them very handsome, and he went on his way.

He had not gone far before he met with the sheep-dog. "Good morning, sheep-dog," said Cock-alu; "where are you going?"

"I'm going to hunt up a stray lamb for my master," said the sheep-dog; "and what brings you abroad?"

"I'm going to the silver-spring in the Beech-wood, to get a drop of water for my little wife Hen-alie, who has got a bean in her throat," said Cock-alu.

"Then why do you stop talking to me?" said the sheep-dog, in his short way. "Your wife's bad enough, I'll warrant me, and a drop of water with the dew in it is the thing to do her good. Be off with you! The farmer is coming to lay the spring dry this morning; I left him sharpening his mattock when I set out.

You'll be too late, if you don't mind!" And with that the sheep-dog went his way.

"An unmannerly fellow!" said Cock-alu, and stood looking after him. "I'll not go at his bidding, not I!" So he clapped his wings and crowed in the wood, just to show that he set light by the dog's advice. "And never to give me anything for poor little Hen-alie, that lies sick at home with a bean in her throat! the ill-natured churl!" cried Cock-alu to himself, and then he stood and crowed again with all his might.

After that he marched on, and before long reached the Beech-wood, but as the silver-spring lay yet a good way off, he had not gone far in the wood before he met the squirrel.

"Good morning, squirrel," said he; "what brings you abroad so early?"

"Early, do you call it, Cock-alu?" said the squirrel. "Why, I've been up these four hours. I just stopped to give the young ones their breakfasts, and then set off to the silver-spring for a drop of water while the dew was in it for my poor old husband, who lies sick-a-bed. I'm now on my way back again, for there is nothing like water with dew in it; I've got it here in a cherry-leaf. And, pray you, what business may take you abroad, Cock-alu?"

"The same as yours," replied Cock-alu. "I'm going for water, too, for my wife Hen-alie, who has got a bean in her throat."

"Ah, well-a-day," said the squirrel. "That's a bad thing! But run along with you, for the old sow is coming down with her nine little pigs, and if they

trouble the water it will be all too late for poor little Hen-alie!"

And with that the squirrel leapt up into the oak-tree above where Cock-alu stood, for that was her way home, and left him without further ceremony.

"Humph!" said Cock-alu; "she might have given me some of the water out of her cherry-leaf for my poor little Hen-alie!" And so saying he walked on through the Beech-wood, and as he met no more creatures he soon reached the silver-spring.

But it was now noon-day, and there was not a drop of dew in the water, and the bull had been down and drunk, and the bloodhound had lapped, and the old sow and her nine little pigs had wallowed in it, so the water was troubled; and besides that the woodman had felled the tree, which now lay across the spring, and the farmer was digging the new watercourse, so the spring was getting lower every minute. Cock-alu had come quite too late; there was not a drop left for poor little Hen-alie.

When Cock-alu saw this he was very much disappointed; he did not know what to do. He stood a little while considering, and then he set off as hard as he could go to the squirrel's house to beg a drop of water from her. But the squirrel lived a long way off in the wood, and thus it was a considerable time before he got there.

When he reached the squirrel's house, however, nobody was at home. He knocked and knocked for a long time, and at last he walked in, but they were all gone out. He peeped, therefore, into the pantry

to see if he could find the water. There was plenty of hazel-nuts and beech-nuts—heaps and heaps of them, all laid up in store for winter—but no water. At length he saw the curled-up cherry-leaf, like a water-jug, standing at the squirrel's bedside; but it was empty; there was not a single drop in it.

"This is a bad business!" said Cock-alu to himself, and turned to leave the house. At the squirrel's door he met the woodpecker.

"Woodpecker," said he, "where is the squirrel gone to? I want to beg a drop of water from the silver-spring for my wife Hen-alie, who has got a bean in her throat!"

"Lack-a-day!" said the woodpecker, "the old squirrel drank every drop, and drained the jug into the bargain. He lay sick in bed this morning, but there was such virtue in the water that he got well as soon as he drank it, and now he has taken his wife and the little ones out for an airing. They will not be back till night, I know. But if you will leave any message with me I will be sure and deliver it, for the squirrel and I are very neighborly."

"Oh!" groaned Cock-alu; "but what would be the use of leaving a message if they have no water to give me?"

With that he came down from the old pine-tree where the squirrel lived, set out on his way home again, and came at length out of the Beech-wood; but it was then getting towards evening.

He came to his own yard. There was the perch on which he and Hen-alie had so often sat, and there was

the bean-straw, and there lay poor Hen-alie just as he had left her.

"Hen-alie, my little wife," said he, crowing loudly as he came up, that he might put a cheerful face on the matter, "I have been very unlucky. I could not get you any water, but I have got something so nice for you! I have brought you a pair of silver-gauze stockings, which the snail has sent you, and a pair of blue velvet garters to wear with them, which the ring-dove gave me!"

"Thank you," said poor little Hen-alie in a very weak voice, "but I wish you could have brought me some water. These things will do me no good!"

"I could not bring you water, for the silver-spring is dry," said Cock-alu, feeling very unhappy, and yet wishing to excuse himself. "There's not a drop of water left in it!"

"Then it's all over with me!" sighed poor little Hen-alie.

"Don't be down-hearted, my little wife!" said Cock-alu, trying to seem cheerful. "I will give you something better than all. I will give you the green-fire flash from the wild-cat's right eye, which he gave me to wear on my tail-feathers. Look up, my poor little Hen-alie, and I'll give it all to you!"

"Alas!" sighed poor little Hen-alie, "what good will they do me? Oh, that somebody only loved me well enough to have brought me one drop of silver-spring water!"

All this while something very nice was happening.

There was in the poultry-yard a shabby little drab-

colored hen, very small, and very much despised. Cock-alu would not look at her, nor Hen-alie either. She had no tail-feathers at all, and long legs which looked as if she had borrowed them from a hen twice her size: she was, in short, the meanest-looking, most ill-conditioned hen in the yard.

All the time, however, that Cock-alu was out on his fruitless errand she had been comforting Hen-alie in the best way she could, and assuring her that Cock-alu would soon be back again with the water from the silver-spring. But when he came back without a single drop, and only offered the fine silk stockings and blue velvet garters instead, she set off, without saying a word, as fast as her long black legs would carry her, out of the wood and down to the silver-spring, which she reached in a wonderfully short time. Fortunately the silver-spring had flowed into its new channel as clearly as ever, and the evening dew had dropped its virtues into it. The owls were shouting "Kla-vit!" from one end of the wood to the other. The dark leathern-winged bats and the dusky white and buff-colored moths were flitting about the broad shadows of the trees, but the little hen took no notice of any of them. On she went, thinking of nothing but that which she had to do; and, reaching the silver-spring, she gathered up twelve drops of water, and, hurrying back again, came into the yard just as poor Hen-alie was saying: "Oh, that somebody had loved me well enough to fetch me only one drop of silver-spring water!"

"That I do!" said the shabby little hen, and dropped one drop after another into her beak.

The first drop loosened the bean, the second softened it, and the third sent it down her throat.

Hen-alie was well again. Cock-alu was ready to clap his wings and crow for joy, and the little hen turned quietly away to her solitary perch.

"Nay," said Hen-alie, "but you shall not go unrewarded. See, here is a pair of silk stockings for you, and here is green fire, which will make the most beautiful feathers in the world grow all over your body! Take them all, you good little thing, and to-morrow morning you will come out the handsomest hen in the yard!"

So it was. There must have been magic in those silk stockings and that green fire, for the shabby little thing was now transformed into a regular queen-hen. The farmer's wife thought she must have strayed away from some beautiful foreign country, and gave her a famous breakfast to keep her. Cock-alu was very attentive to her; and as to Hen-alie, she never ceased singing her praises as long as she lived.

—From "*A Wonder Book of Beasts*",
edited by F. J. Harvey Darton.

QUESTIONS

1. Write a sentence telling why you think Cock-alu was not a friend to be trusted.
2. Why did Hen-alie give Cock-alu's gifts to the little drab-colored hen?
3. What do you suppose Hen-alie thought of Cock-alu?
4. Have you ever known any people like Cock-alu? Can you think of some one who is like the little drab-colored hen?
5. Are you sometimes like Cock-alu and sometimes like the little drab-colored hen?

ACTING FOR THE "MOVIES"

When you go to the "movies," you see a story, and you understand it without reading a single word from the book. You understand it because each actor has read over his part until he knows just what to do.

If the book says—

"and the wicked old fairy godmother who was not invited, peeped through a crack in the curtain"—the player knows that she must not only peep through a crack in the curtain, but she must also show by her face that she is a wicked old fairy, and even that she was not invited to the christening.

That is a hard thing to do, but it is lots of fun, and you are going to try it. Here are little parts of ten stories—just one short scene from each. Read over each one as though you were a real actor, and try to picture for yourself just how to show what the story tells you without using words.

After you have read all the parts, your teacher will whisper to you the scene which you are to act, and you will then read it over again carefully. No one else will know what is yours. When your time comes, you must act your part so well that your classmates will have no difficulty in knowing the scene which was given to you.

Be careful not to leave out any important point in your acting, for if you do, your classmates will be sure to notice it and tell you about it.

1. Little Snow White was hungry, and thirsty, too; and so she ate just a bit from each of the seven tiny plates and she drank only a wee drop from each little mug. Then, because she was tired, she laid herself down on one bed, and then another, and still another, until she found that the seventh bed was just right—and she curled up and went to sleep.

2. The wicked Queen clothed herself as an old

peddler woman and taking a pack on her back and a staff in her hand, she set out to find the home of the seven dwarfs.

3. The wolf scratched at the door and windows, but the wise little pig was safe inside. Then the wolf was very angry and he blew and blew and blew, but could not blow the house down, and the wise little pig inside only laughed at him until he ran off grumbling.

4. The soldiers marched proudly by with heads up and arms swinging.

5. Mary was so busy knitting that she was surprised when the clock struck five.

6. The poor old man staggered along with the heavy bundle of sticks on his back.

7. So interested were they in their play that none of the children noticed the clouds gathering. The first warning came from a great drop that splashed right down on Betty's head. She jumped up with a cry of astonishment and raced up the garden walk with Helen and Alice trailing on behind.

8. Reaching the house, the giant tapped loudly on the door, and, without waiting for an invitation, opened the door, and tramped noisily into the hall.

9. Rip sat up and rubbed his eyes. Then he yawned and stretched his arms lazily over his head and gazed about him.

10. Soon the little old woman came to the house in the wood and peeped inside. First she peeped through the keyhole; then she peeped through the window. Then she lifted the latch and peeped through the doorway, and seeing nobody in the house, she walked in.

TAKING CARE OF MY PROPERTY AND YOURS

Did you ever stop to think how many things belong to you and to every one else at the same time?

If you and another child owned something together—say a bicycle for example—how would you like to have a wheel carelessly broken by the other fellow?

It is almost the same with those things that we call public property.

1. A shabby little girl, walking along a shady path in a beautiful city park, stopped to break off a branch of blossoms from a flowering shrub. Her eyes shone with pleasure, for she lived in a crowded city street and did not often have a chance to gather flowers. But before she succeeded in securing the branch, a policeman stepped up and told her she must not touch it. Thinking him very unkind, the little girl began to cry. But the officer did not mean to be unkind, nor did he do more than he ought to have done. You can see at once that if every little girl and boy broke branches from flowering shrubs in the park, there would soon be no blossoms left to make the park a beautiful place for everybody to walk in.

2. A boy eleven years old came out of a candy store with a package of chocolate in his hand. As he walked along the nicely swept pavement, he opened the package, threw the paper that wrapped it into the street, and went on, munching his candy contentedly. It was a windy day, and the soiled paper soon was blown upon the sidewalk. Perhaps it does not seem to you that he did anything at all improper; but how would the streets

look if every boy and girl dropped candy papers, or torn-up school papers, or any papers at all in such a careless fashion? To be sure, the street cleaners come along after a while and pick up the scraps. But does your mother let you throw scraps of paper on the floor at home just because next morning the floor will be swept?

3. A milk wagon was passing along a street, loaded with boxes of empty milk bottles. One box fell off, and the bottles were smashed all over the asphalt. The angry driver stopped, picked up the box, and drove off. But two boy scouts who were passing stopped, patiently picked up the broken glass, wrapped it in a newspaper, and carried it to an ash-can not far off. Why did they take so much trouble? Because they realized that the street was a place that belonged to them. They knew that if the glass stayed there, somebody's automobile tires would suffer, and they cared to look out for the comfort of that somebody.

4. The parks, the streets, the public buildings, a great many other things in the town or city where you live do not belong to any one person or group. They are what is called public property; that is, they belong to all the people in the town or city. Therefore they belong to every single person, and every single person ought to feel that he must help to keep them in order. The street in front of your house does not belong to you; it belongs to everybody who uses it to walk upon. It is the money of everybody, through the taxes the citizens pay, that has laid down a firm stone or brick sidewalk instead of a dirt path. It is the money of

everybody that keeps the rubbish cleared away, and the street watered and swept, and the street lamps lighted at night.

5. You know that your house belongs to you, either because your father owns it, or because he pays rent for it. So of course you help to take care of it and to keep it in good order, so that it will be a pleasant place for your family to live in and for your friends to come to. You are careful not to break the dishes, or spill the ink, or scratch the furniture, or tear the books, because those things belong to you and you value them. Maybe, however, you aren't so careful with the things that you find in your schoolroom. That is because you do not remember that the schoolhouse with all that is in it is yours, since it is one of the things that do not belong to any one person but to everybody. Because it is yours, you should value your own property enough to take care of it; and because it is everybody else's, you should not be careless with what doesn't belong to you.

6. It is a very foolish person who says, "This street does not belong to me, and I will throw papers around if I like"; or, "This arithmetic book is not mine, and I don't care if I have blotted the pages with ink"; or, "I don't have to pay the electric bills, so it doesn't matter if I do leave the lights on carelessly in the schoolroom"; or, "Who cares how much water runs away? I don't pay for it and there is plenty more where this came from"; or, "I like to see my initials on the walls and desks—who cares"? That person has forgotten that everybody's property is his property,

and that if everybody felt as he does, nobody would take care of anything, and then what a miserable place the world would be to live in! Can you imagine how the schoolhouses and the streets would look in such a world?

—*Mabel Dodge Holmes.*

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

Can you think of other things, in the city or town where you live, that belong to everybody? What are they?

Do you remember ever having been careless with any of the property that belongs to everybody? Have you ever noticed anyone else who was careless in that way?

What was the difference between the boy in the second paragraph and the two boys in the third? Which would you rather be like?

What mistake does the boy or girl make who says, "This book is not mine"; or "I don't have to pay for the light or the water"?

Do you think you should be as careful with public property as with your own? Why?

As you go on in school, you will have to read a great many books. Often you will want to arrange the ideas so that you can go over them quickly and remember them well. One good way to do this is to write topics or headings. The paragraphs in this section have been numbered for just this purpose. Now read each paragraph quickly and see how the topic given below, opposite the same number, fits the paragraph.

1. The little girl and the flowers.
2. The boy and the paper.
3. The broken milk bottle.
4. Everybody's property.
- 5, 6. Taking care of my own property and of everybody's property.

THE GOAT, THE LION, THE LEOPARD, AND THE HYENA

Your teacher will ask you all to begin reading this story at the same time.

As soon as you have read it through, raise your hand. Your teacher will divide the class into three equal groups, those that read fastest, those that read slowest, and those that are between the other two. As you go on reading silently, she will frequently divide the class in the same way.

You should learn to read as fast as you can—but not so fast that you fail to understand what you read.

This is the story about Bunsuru the Goat. Bunsuru's wife said to him: "Our home is small and it is in an ugly place. I wish you would go into the bush and find a nicer place and build a new house."

Bunsuru said: "Certainly, I shall do that."

And the next morning he went into the bush and found a pretty place, and worked all day clearing the ground. And at night he came back to his old home to sleep.

Then his wife said: "Did you find a nice place?"

"Yes, I did, and I have made a clearing".

"I hope there are no fierce neighbors near us."

And Bunsuru said: "No, there are no neighbors at all".

"Then," said his wife, "you must go out to-morrow and lay foundations".

So the next morning Bunsuru went out and laid foundations. But when he got to the spot, he found three other clearings quite close to his clearing, and he said: "Oho, so I am to have neighbors."

But when his wife heard it she was very anxious, and kept saying: "Well, I hope they will not be fierce neighbors, that is all!"

And the next morning, when Bunsuru went back to his clearing to put in posts, behold, the foundations were laid on the other three clearings. But he saw no one there at all. And the next day, when he went to build his house, there were posts put in, in the three other clearings. And when he had finished building and was beginning to thatch, the houses on the three other clearings were built, too. And when he had thatched his house and came to see if everything was right, the three other houses were thatched, too. But all the time he had never seen anyone, for all the digging and building and thatching on the three other clearings were done when he was away. And he kept saying: "I wonder who my neighbors are?"

But his wife said: "Well, I do hope they are not fierce people". But neither of them had any idea who had built the other three houses.

So Bunsuru got ready his wife and children and his furniture, and took them all over to his new house in the bush. And the day after he had arrived, Kura, the Hyena, came with his wife and his children and his furniture and settled in the house next to Bunsuru's. For it was Kura who had built the house.

Then Bunsuru's wife said: "Oh, I wish we had never come. I do not like Kura for a neighbor; hyenas are all fierce people. They will eat us all up."

But Bunsuru said: "Wait and see. Perhaps all will yet go well".

The day after that Damisa, the Leopard, came with his wife and his children and his furniture. And he settled in the house next to Kura, the Hyena. For it was Damisa who had built the second house.

And Bunsuru's wife was still more unhappy, and she said: "Oh, I wish we had never come here. I do not like Damisa for a neighbor at all. He is worse than Kura, the Hyena. Leopards are very fierce people. Certainly they will eat us all up—you and me and the children."

But Bunsuru said: "Wait and see. Perhaps all will yet go well".

And the day after that Zaki, the Lion, came with his wife and his children and his furniture, and settled in the third house. For it was he who had built the third house.

Then Bunsuru's wife was most unhappy, and wept and said: "Oh, I wish we had never come. Zaki, the Lion, is worst of all. He is fiercer than Kura, the Hyena, or Damisa, the Leopard. Certainly he will eat us all up—you and me and the children."

But Bunsuru said: "Wait and see. Perhaps all will yet go well".

Then Kura, the Hyena, said to the Lion: "This Goat is a worthless fellow. Let us kill him and eat him up—him and his wife and his children."

But the Lion said: "How can we do that, seeing he has done us no harm? He is a peaceful person, and we cannot attack him for nothing."

Then the Hyena said: "I will tell you what we will do. We will make a law that each of us in turn shall

go out and kill something for dinner, and whoever does not do so shall be killed and eaten. Now you and I and Damisa, the Leopard, we can all hunt and kill game. But Bunsuru, the Goat, he does not know how to hunt. And when he says, 'Behold, I have not been able to kill anything,' then we will fall upon him and kill him and eat him, and his wife and his family because he has found nothing."

Then Zaki said: "That is a good plan. Call Bunsuru, and let us tell him".

So Bunsuru was called, and Zaki said to him: "Greetings to you, brother. We are all neighbors, and we must all help each other. To-day I will go out hunting and will find some game for us all to eat; and to-morrow Damisa, the Leopard, will go out hunting and find some game for us to eat; and the third day Kura, the Hyena, will go out hunting and find some game for us all to eat; and the fourth day you must go to the bush and find some game for us all to eat. And whoever does not find game for us to eat, the rest of us will devour him."

The Goat answered: "Very well. I agree." But in himself he was very unhappy, for he did not know how to hunt.

That morning the Lion went out and killed a hartebeest, and he called all the others and divided the meat among them, and they took it home and cooked it, and all had plenty of meat.

And the next day the Leopard went out and killed a bush-cow. And he called the others, and they came and divided the meat and took it home, and they

all had plenty to eat. And the third day the Hyena went out and killed an antelope, and called the others, and they divided it and took it home. And then it was the Goat's turn.

And early in the morning he went out into the bush and wandered about looking for something to kill, and he found nothing. And he was so hungry and so tired at last that he lay down under a baobab-tree, and said: "I may as well die here as be killed by the others when I go home."

Now an Eagle saw him lying under the tree, and thought he was dead, and alighted on him to eat him. But the Goat jumped up and caught hold of the eagle, and said: "At last I have found some game. Now I can go home".

And he was about to kill the Eagle, when the Eagle said: "Let me go, O Bunsuru, I pray you".

But Bunsuru replied: "No, I shall not let you go, for if I do, Zaki and Damisa and Kura will kill me".

Then the Eagle asked: "Why will they kill you?"

And Bunsuru told him the whole story, and said: "If I do not find something to eat, the others will kill me and my wife and my family".

"If you will let me go," said the Eagle, "I will give you a charm, and you will be able to kill as much game as you like".

"No," said Bunsuru, "you are deceiving me".

But the Eagle declared he was telling the truth, and he begged so hard that at last Bunsuru let him go; but he said: "Certainly when I go home they will kill me".

Then the Eagle took from under his wing three white straws, and said: "Do you see these straws? Whenever you see any kind of game coming, no matter how big it is, go behind it and put these white straws between your toes and turn head over heels, and you will see what will happen." And then the Eagle flew up into the sky, and the Goat was left alone.

Now Bunsuru did not believe it was a real charm, but all the same he thought he would try it. So he waited till a big hartebeest came, and then he went behind him and put the straws between his toes and turned head over heels. And as he turned over the hartebeest jumped into the air and fell down dead.

And the Goat ran home and cried: "I have killed some game; come and divide it!"

Then they were all astonished, but they followed him into the bush, and there was the hartebeest; and they divided it and took it home. And the Lion said to the Hyena: "You said he did not know how to hunt, and now he has killed a big hartebeest. You told lies."

But the Hyena answered: "I don't believe he did kill it. Something else killed it, and he found it lying dead."

"Well," said the Lion, "we shall see".

And the next time it was the Goat's turn to hunt, the Lion followed the Goat and hid in the bush, and he saw what the Goat did. And he ran home and told the Leopard and the Hyena. But they would not believe him.

Then the Goat came and said: "I have killed a

bush-cow, but I cannot carry it. Come and divide it; ” and he led them to where the bush-cow was lying, and they divided it and took it home.

The next time the Leopard went out with the Lion after the Goat, and they both hid and watched and saw him kill the game, and they came back and told the Hyena; but still he would not believe it. He said: “Unless I saw it with my own eyes, I could not believe such a story”.

And Zaki and Damisa said: “Then follow next time and see”. So Kura followed Bunsuru in the bush very stealthily, and hid and watched him. And as he watched a herd of hartebeest came by, and the Goat waited till they were past. When they were past he took out three white straws and put them between his toes, and turned head over heels, and a big hartebeest, who was the last of the herd, jumped up and fell dead. And the Hyena was terribly frightened, and ran away back home.

Then Bunsuru arrived and said: “All of you get up and come and fetch the meat I have killed”. And he began to lead the way to the bush. But the Hyena was full of great fear. He whispered to Zaki and Damisa: “Watch him well, and do not let him get behind us. For if he gets behind us, he will put straws between his toes and turn head over heels, and we, too, shall fall dead.”

And when they had divided the meat and were going home, Kura kept hanging back. And if the Goat stopped behind him, he ran quickly to another place. And whenever Bunsuru came near him, he kept

running away till he was quite tired, and he said: "Bunsuru, my friend, why are you following me? You are greater and more important than I am. Please walk in front of me."

After they had eaten the meat, they all went to sleep except the Hyena. Fear kept him awake. And he went and awoke the Leopard and the Lion, and called them to a council, and said: "This Bunsuru is too strong for us. Whatever care we take to keep him in front of us, some day when we are not looking he will get behind us, and put straws between his toes and turn head over heels. And then we shall fall dead."

And Zaki and Damisa said: "It is true. We must not stay here." And in the night they got up and ran away with their wives and their families into the bush. And when the Goat awakened, behold, the houses were all empty, and he had the whole place to himself. And he lived there very peacefully all his life with his wife and children. But the Lion and the Leopard and the Hyena never came back from the bush.

—From "*Animal Tales from Africa*",
by J. E. Macnair.

It would be fun to act this story. Your teacher will assign the parts and help you to pronounce the animals' names. Perhaps it could be acted by several different companies, and the class could then decide which company did best. This is always lots of fun and usually makes the acting better by making the actors more careful.

LEIF THE LUCKY

Here is the tale of a fierce sea rover, a man brave and strong, careless of danger and eager to know what lay beyond the stormy sea that surrounded his home. As you read—

1. Look for the reason the Norsemen were feared.
2. See why Eric the Red moved to Greenland.
3. Think how you would feel on a voyage to an unknown land.
4. Learn of the first white men to visit America.
5. Tell why the later discoverers believed themselves to be the first.

1. Far in the north of Europe in what is now Norway and Sweden there once lived a brave people, called Norsemen or Northmen. Sometimes they were called "Vikings". They dressed in skins and furs and wore their hair long. As they lived much in the open air, they grew to be large and strong. They lived for the most part near the sea and so they learned to be great sailors. They built their own ships and launched them on the rough waters of the Atlantic Ocean. These ships were long and low in the water and were driven by both sails and oars. At the front of each ship was a high prow upon which was carved a figure. This was usually the head of some wild beast that glared fiercely over the water and was supposed to frighten any enemies they met in battle. The Norsemen often made long voyages in their Viking ships, stopping on some distant coast to burn and plunder the towns and to kill the people there. So savage and sudden were these attacks that few were able to withstand them. In England, France, and other countries mothers often

taught their children to pray to be delivered from the fury of the Norsemen.

2. The country in which they lived was cold and bare and mountainous, so that it was not very profitable to till the soil. This led many Norsemen to seek other lands. Then too, they were so quick tempered and so independent in spirit that their kings had much trouble ruling over them. Sometimes when the king insisted that his laws must be obeyed, rather than do so, many of the nobles would gather their friends and followers upon a ship and set out for some distant shore where they might live as they pleased. One of the places settled in this way was a large island many hundred miles west of Norway which the settlers first called Snowland, but which was later named what we call it to-day—Iceland. You and I would not select such a place to make a home, but we must remember that these Norsemen were used to cold and ice and snow. They probably found Iceland little different from their own country.

3. One of the men who came to Iceland had fled from his home because he had fought with a man there and had killed him. He was a great tall fellow with a red beard and red hair and, as his name was Eric, he was called "Eric the Red". He had brought his family and his followers with him, and they settled down among the other Norsemen who had come to Iceland. But Eric was a troublesome fellow, and it was not long before he began to have disputes with his neighbors. He was forced to move to another part of the island which his people called Ericstad after their leader.

4. One day Eric loaned one of his neighbors some "seaposts", probably short masts for ships or perhaps posts to be driven into the shore in shallow water to which boats might be fastened. At any rate, as with many things which are borrowed and loaned, a dispute arose over these seaposts. Eric's neighbors all took sides, some for and some against him. The matter became so serious that the case was brought before the court, and after hearing both sides the court decided against Eric. He was declared an outlaw, which meant that he could no longer live in Iceland.

5. He got ready his ship and with his followers set sail to the westward. Eric had heard rumors of a land to the west, and he determined to find this land and settle there. It took great courage for these men to sail away from their homes in an open boat. They were not likely to return and had very little idea of where they were going. Now-a-days when men take ocean voyages, they travel in great ships that are more like hotels than boats. They are as safe as railway trains, and in peaceful times, just as likely to reach their destination. Not so was it with Eric the Red and his band of hardy followers, but their courage carried them through, as courage so often does. They at last came in sight of the land they had heard of, lying green and low upon the horizon. They called it "Greenland", and we call it Greenland to-day. There they settled, and from time to time others joined them from Iceland and elsewhere. Eric ruled over them all in his rough way for many years.

6. Now Eric had a son, Leif, who grew to be a man,

tall and strong, with fearless blue eyes like his father. Very early in his life he learned to sail a boat. Leif made many voyages, sometimes with his father and sometimes alone with his men, for he was a leader among the people of Greenland.

7. One day there came to Greenland to the great hall of Eric the Red, a Norseman named Bjorni. He, too, had been a sailor and had travelled to many strange lands. When dinner was over and they had gathered round the big fire-place, young Leif listened breathlessly to the tale Bjorni told of a land to the west of Greenland to which he had once been driven by a storm. No one had ever spoken of this land before, and Leif resolved to go there and see the land for himself.

8. So Leif bought Bjorni's ship and engaged thirty-five men to man it. He and his companions then set sail for the unknown land to the west. After sailing many days, they came to the land that Bjorni had last seen, a land like a plain of flat stones from the sea to the mountains. Ice and snow were everywhere and, as Leif said, the land appeared to have no good qualities. He called it "Helluland", and we know to-day that it was Newfoundland at which Leif and his men stopped so many years ago. Sailing further south they came to a white sandy beach, beyond which grew a thick dark woods. Leif named this "Markland", and it is now called Nova Scotia. Still more to the south they sailed between an island and the mainland into a bay. This place was so pleasant that Leif determined to spend the winter there. So they anchored their ship and built houses for themselves on the shore.



LANDING ON THE NEWFOUNDLAND COAST

9. One of Leif Ericson's men was a German who had not always lived in the cold lands of the North. The story is told that one day when they came in to dinner, this German was missing. Leif was troubled, for this man had been a friend of his father's and he had known him since childhood. A search party was at once formed, and they set out to look for their lost companion. When they at last saw him, he came toward them reeling and speaking in a thick voice that they could not understand. Leif saw at once that he had lost his wits, but he could not tell why he was in this condition. After several hours, however, the man was able to tell how he had come upon vines laden with grapes rich and wild. The story goes on to tell that he drank so much of the juice of these grapes that he was unable to find his way back to his friends. At first no one believed what he told them of the grapes as no grapes grew in the cold country from which they had come. He knew that he spoke the truth, for he had often seen grapes in his native Germany. Later they gathered so many grapes that they filled the small boat which they used in going to and from the ship, and grapes formed part of the cargo which they took back to Greenland. For this reason Leif called this country "Vinland" or the land of vines and wine. Of course we know that grape juice is not intoxicating, but the story is interesting and shows why the land was called Vinland. From the descriptions which they have left we now know that they had sailed along the southern coast of Massachusetts and had wintered on the fertile shores of Rhode Island.

10. When the Spring came, Leif and his followers again took to their ship and returned to their home in Greenland. There they told of their voyage and the beautiful land which they had found with its self-sown fields of grain and its abundance of wild grapes.

11. Leif was now a very important man. He had much wealth and influence and was looked up to by all the people who called him Leif, "the Lucky," because of his fortunate adventures. Professional singers called "skalds" made the tale of his voyage into a rude song or "saga". This they sang to entertain the people as they went from place to place, and the people were always glad to welcome the singers.

12. Thorvald Ericson, Leif's younger brother, made a later voyage to Vinland. Some years after that a young man, Thorfinn Karlsefne, took a small fleet of vessels and a considerable band of men and visited all the lands of which Leif had told. They settled there for a time and fought with the Indians whom they called "Skraelings". They were not successful, as they had no guns and could not fight against so many Indians.

13. As long as Leif lived and for many years after his death, the people talked of the wonderful land of grapes and grain which lay far to the southwest. Gradually voyages to Vinland ceased, and at length the people of Greenland were themselves attacked and conquered by Eskimos. These were fierce savages from the northwest whose descendants still live in Greenland. For five hundred years after Leif's time we know of no white man who sailed to the shores of North America.

For all those years the Red Indian was left undisturbed in his possession of the land.

—From "*Heroes of Early American History*",
by Albert Lindsay Rowland.

Courtesy of the Franklin Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

Now go back over this selection and write topics for the paragraphs. You will find a model for this kind of task on page 30. You may put two or three paragraphs under one topic.

After you have written your topics, look them over and see if they do not help you to recall the whole story.

BY-PRODUCTS

Some boys and girls in the fourth grade can read this paragraph in less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes. Can you? Will you be able to tell your classmates what it is about without reading it again?

In making anything there is always some part of the material that seems to be wasted. Before we can use the cotton fibres, the seeds must be taken out. In old times they were either thrown away or burned. If we smelted iron from the iron ore, the slag was left and was not only useless but hard to get rid of. When we made coke by roasting coal, a great amount of gas was wasted into the air. Now, however, from the cotton seeds we have learned to squeeze the cotton-seed oil, and we use the pulp which is left as food for cattle. From the waste slag of the blast-furnace, we make cement. From the waste gas of the coke ovens we make ammonia and tar, and from the tar we make beautiful dyes. These things that wise men have taught us to make from what we used to waste are called by-products.

CLASSIFICATION

Arrange your paper with your name on the first line to the left and the date under it on the second line. Divide the rest of your paper into four parts in the way that is here shown.

KITCHEN

PARLOR

BED ROOM

DINING ROOM

Write the words, KITCHEN, PARLOR, BED ROOM, DINING ROOM, at the top of the four spaces as shown above.

Below is a long list of words that is not very well arranged. On your paper rearrange the words so that everything that belongs in the KITCHEN is placed in the first list, and everything that belongs in the PARLOR is placed in the second list, everything in the BED ROOM in the third list, and everything in the DINING ROOM in the fourth list. When you have finished, raise your hand as a signal to your teacher, who will note how long you were. Then wait quietly until all have finished.

mop	tumbler	family Bible	slippers
quilt	counterpane	china closet	cream pitcher
comb	rocking chair	hair brush	meat chopper
piano stool	dish cloth	victrola	table cloth
napkin	coffee pot	sink	dressing table
stove	dressing gown	sugar bowl	foot rest
sofa	rolling pin	side board	frying pan
vase	paring knife	night lamp	carving knife
oven	night dress	flour sifter	piano
bureau	book case	salt cellar	book

THE GIANT'S NEW YEAR

Here is the story of a giant who was so big that when he was a little boy he was the size of a horse. This giant, unlike most giants, was kind and helpful, so you can easily imagine how much good he could do. Read the story and find out for yourself.

Many years ago there lived in a certain country of this earth a gentleman who had inherited from his forefathers the title of Count, together with a beautiful castle and a great deal of property. But the Count and his wife, the Countess, gave money to the poor people, and every New Year's Day made so many useful presents to all the children of the neighborhood that little by little they had to sell their lands and forests, and their gold and silver table service. They also discharged all of their help except one old servant, and lived like two unfortunate poor people.

One evening near the end of December the Count and Countess were sitting together after their frugal supper in the great dining-hall of the castle, which was lighted only by some dry knots of wood burning in the fireplace.

"This year, dear husband," said the Countess, as she pulled her chair nearer to the hearth, "we cannot invite the poor children".

"Why not?"

"Because we cannot give them anything. We have no presents nor clothes for them, and nothing to make them happy."

"But, then," replied the Count, "how disappointed they will be when they come for their usual entertain-

ment. They have no other pleasure the whole year, and have got accustomed to this and really expect it, the poor children. I will sell something to the neighbors, and we can give them some presents and refreshments—not so very much, but enough that they will have something.”

“I’d like to know what you intend to sell,” said the Countess. “I don’t think that we have anything left that we can spare.”

“We still have the old family bed. It is made of costly wood ornamented with gold and silver. I can get a good deal of money for that.”

“You’re going to sell the family bed?” cried out the Countess. “The bed in which so many of your ancestors have slept and died! The only bed that we have left!”

“That doesn’t matter. You can sleep on the sofa, and I’ll sleep on the floor.”

“On the floor at your age? Do you want to catch your death of cold?”

“But what if the children don’t get their feast and presents?”

The Countess had nothing to say, and so she kept quiet.

On the morning of this same day a young giant came into the forest not very far away from the Count’s castle, and espied a little fairy, who jumped onto the forefinger of his right hand from the knot of an oak tree.

“Well, well!” she exclaimed. “How is it that I find

you two hundred miles away from your home? Tell me why you are taking such a long walk."

"Very important business. I have nothing to eat at home, and so I am wandering around to try to get myself a bite."

"How so?"

"I am going to see if my grandfather's uncle is not dead yet. I am one of the first heirs, and the old man is very rich. When I get my share of the inheritance I'll be free of care for the rest of my life."

"I think," said the fairy, "that it's not a very nice way to live, to be expecting somebody's death".

"That's true," answered the giant; "but I have been waiting since the time when I was very little".

The fairy looked at him amazed. "It seems impossible that you were ever small," she remarked.

"Yes, indeed; when I was a child I was not any bigger than a horse".

"And I was the size of a bean."

The giant laughed, but at the word "bean" he remembered that he was hungry. "I'll have to stop in somewhere to beg something to eat."

"Let's both go, but not to the same place," suggested the fairy. "You certainly are as hungry as a wolf."

"Well, at the end of the forest, about fifty miles from here, there's a big house. I will go there," concluded the giant, "and you can go to the Count's. I'll go with you to the edge of the woods. When you have finished eating come back to this oak tree, and we will go on together again. The Count is very poor, it is true; but he'll have enough for you to eat."



A LITTLE FAIRY WHO JUMPED ON TO THE FOREFINGER OF HIS
RIGHT HAND

So the giant placed the fairy on the ground, and while she went towards the castle he walked alone to the big house in the valley. In two or three hours they met again at the same place. The giant picked up the fairy and put her on his forefinger, and they walked on.

"You told me the Count was poor," said the fairy; "but you ought to see with your own eyes how poor he is. As I came in they were just at dinner, and sitting by a cold fireplace. They spoke confidentially together, and I didn't want to disturb them, so jumped up on the table to pick up something myself. Their dinner was certainly very meager. For me there was plenty, because I am satisfied with crumbs; but even these were so hard and dried up that I could hardly bite them. When I heard what they were telling each other I understood their poverty."

"Do you think that it's nice to listen when other people are talking to each other?"

"Perhaps not," responded the fairy; "but let me tell you. They were talking about a New Year's feast, and about presents which they used to give the children in former years. Although they are so poor, they are going to do it this year, too."

"Where will they get it?"

"The Count is going to sell the family bed."

The giant cried out in amazement: "What? Is he going to sell the famous family bed of the noble Rugger family, so as to be able to give presents to the children?"

"Yes."

"Really! I never heard of such a thing before. How sorry I am for him! We must prevent it."

As they were pitying the fate of the noble family they came to a fork in the road where their ways separated.

"God be with you, fairy," said the giant. "I'll leave you with your sisters. We will meet again when I get back."

"If you prefer, I will go with you," answered the fairy. "I would like to know what it looks like in the castle which belongs to your grandfather's uncle. Nobody will notice my presence."

"Come on, then."

So they went on together, and presently reached the castle gate, before which there sat a guard on watch.

"Guard!" cried the giant, "how is my grandfather's uncle, the famous Giant Tamorig?"

"He died a month ago," was the answer, "and his property has been divided among his heirs".

"That is not possible. I am an heir, and I have not had any of it."

"I can't answer for that," said the guard. "I was given orders to give this reply to everybody."

"Who told you to?"

"My lord Somarig, the sole heir."

"Somarig?" cried the giant. "What a piece of shamelessness! He is only a cousin nine degrees removed on the wife's side. Where is he? Take me to him."

"I believe he's not receiving any visitors to-day," replied the guard.

"Open the door, or I'll crush you," roared the giant.

The guard turned pale, and opened the door wide so

that the giant and the fairy could go through. There, in a large room, sat an old giant by the fireplace, in which the logs crackled merrily.

"Somarig!" cried the young giant, "how dare you take possession of this castle?"

"I'm a relative of the deceased," answered the frightened giant.

"Say, rather, that you have ousted all the heirs and stolen everything."

"Not, really; everyone got his share."

"I'm one of those who did not get anything, and I will have what belongs to me. Come with me, so that I can take it."

"I cannot; I am sick. I will send the steward with you."

Somarig rang the bell, and there came in a little man with a big head, whose rumpled hair was white as snow on one side, and black as ink on the other.

"Here's another heir," said the old giant in a tired voice. "Give him his share, and let him choose."

The steward led him through a string of rooms filled with weapons.

"If I should choose from among these I would have to have a lot of wagons to get them out with. Isn't there anything else in the castle?" inquired the young giant.

"Everything else belongs to my master."

"Let me choose, or else—"

The steward led him into other rooms in which there was some furniture.

"That's pretty," said the giant. "I'll mark with

chalk what I pick out for myself, and you can send it to me."

"Yes," said the steward; "I'll send everything to you when you go away".

Thereupon the giant took a piece of chalk, and marked so much that it would be enough to furnish the whole castle. Then he asked: "Where is the money?"

"Sir," cried the steward in terror, "there isn't any money here".

The giant made no reply, but picked the little man up by the feet and shook him so thoroughly that a huge key fell out of his pocket.

"Ha, ha! The key to the gold! Now be quick, or else I will find it by myself."

As he was stepping down into the cellar of the castle the steward came running after him in desperation. The giant unbolted the door, and walked into a vault, where he saw heaps of gold and silver arranged along the wall. He marked dozens of them with the chalk.

"Very well, sir," said the steward, "I will send it to you when you go away".

"What is in these little rooms?" he asked.

"Those are diamonds, sir. Mark as many as you want."

"I will pick out one," said the giant to the fairy, "and it shall belong to you".

"To me!" cried the steward, who did not see the fairy.

"Oh, thank you," said the fairy, overjoyed. "I am

very fond of diamonds. How happy I am that your grandfather's uncle is dead!"

"Don't talk that way," the giant cautioned her. "There are many things that it is not good to talk about." And when he had finished marking things up he turned to the steward and said: "I will not make you any trouble. I will take everything away myself."

So he put a purse full of diamonds in his pocket, swung a bag full of money over his shoulder, and went out without another word. When he came to the room in which the old giant was sitting he stood for a moment, and said to him: "I'm taking my share of money. I have picked out for myself some other things, and you must send those to me. Do you understand?"

The old giant looked sadly at the bag of gold which the giant was carrying on his arm, and sighed, but made no reply.

"What will you do with such an immense fortune?" the fairy asked him when they were outside the castle.

"One part I will take to the Count," replied the giant, "so he can give the children a royal entertainment. The rest I will take care of in my castle."

The morning of New Year's Day was clear and beautiful, and the Count woke up in good humor. He walked to the window, and beheld a long train of children, who were coming to his castle, with a band of music. He and the Countess went out on the terrace.

"There are more of them than usual," cried the Countess. "How can we give them enough? There are certainly more than a hundred of them."

Meanwhile the troop came into the castle. First of all walked the giant with the fairy; then came four or five musicians, and, finally, a big procession of gaily dressed children in pairs.

"Go ahead, dear children," the Count greeted them. "I am glad to be your host. But you, my big friend, how can you get through my door?"

"Count," cried the fairy, who straightened herself up on the giant's finger, "I want to make you a proposition".

The good man stared at her in wonder. "What kind of a pretty little fairy is that?" he asked. "Tell me, what is your plan?"

"Well, let us go into the big hall of the castle. We would like to dance."

"I am afraid that you wouldn't like it in there," he answered. "It is full of dust and spiders' webs. It is many years since anyone has stepped into it."

"But I would so much enjoy dancing around in the hall to the music of the band!"

"Well, then, if you want to," answered the Count, "go ahead".

So the Count and Countess fell in line at the end of the procession and went through the courtyard up the grand staircase and walked into the hall. The giant opened the door, and nobody in the world was so surprised as the Count and Countess.

In the middle of the hall stood a great table full of fancy cakes, toys, and clothes. Neither the Count or Countess could say a word. The giant took them by the hands and led them around and around. On every

present was written the name of the one it was for, and a beautiful brocaded dress was there for the fairy.

It took a long while to give out all the presents, but when it was done the fairy called out in her clear voice:

“Now we’re going to dance.”

The band began to play at once, and all the children started to dance. The Count, the Countess, and the giant were all happy, and the fairy looked on with pleasure as the happy children danced. When the music stopped the giant opened another door and called out:

“Now walk into the dining-room. The grateful children invite the Count and Countess to a banquet. You have given them pleasure so often that now it is their turn.”

Gently and tenderly the children pushed the Count and Countess into the big dining-hall, where there stood a long table covered with the most delicious food and the finest wines. After the meal the children danced again, and they stayed until evening. But before they went home the Count spoke a few words to them, and to the giant he said: “I shall never be able to repay you”.

The giant wanted to make some answer, but the fairy interrupted him. “You can repay him, my dear Count,” she said. “You have no children, and you are getting old. He is all alone in the world, and he is rich and can be very useful to you with his big, noble heart. He can move over and live with you, you have such big rooms, and you will all be happy together.”

“Would you adopt me as your son?” asked the giant.

"Heartily, gladly," was the answer.

Then the giant kneeled down, the Count stepped up on the table, and laid his hand on the giant's head with his blessing.

"Now adopt the little fairy, too," said the giant, as he embraced the Count and the Countess.

"I cannot be adopted as your child," she answered, "but I will come very often to see how happy you are, and the children shall have a beautiful New Year every year."

"So long as we live?" cried the Count and Countess.

"So long as I live!" added the giant.

Now, when the Count and Countess walked into their bedroom they found the old family bed there again, and it glowed in a mysterious light.

"What a beautiful New Year's Day it was!" cried the good Count.

—From "*Fairy Tales of All Nations*".
Courtesy of The John C. Winston Company.

This delightful fairy tale can be acted in four acts. Look through the story and tell your teacher where each act should begin. Be ready to describe the place where each act would occur. If you like, your teacher will let you play each act and will assign all the parts to members of the class. When a part has been assigned to you, go over the story again and be sure you know what you have to do and say.

Have you ever tried to tell such a story as this to your father and mother or to any of your friends? These wonderful fairy stories have pleased millions of people, and you ought to know them and tell them to others.

JACK O' LANTERN

Have you ever seen a cornfield with the brown cornstalks and the yellow pumpkins lying on the ground between them? This is usually late in October. What day do we celebrate at the end of October? Have you ever seen a jack-o-lantern made by scooping out the inside of a pumpkin, cutting holes for eyes, nose and mouth, and putting a candle inside? Perhaps you have made one.

The man in the moon looked down on the field
Where the golden pumpkin lay,
He winked at him and he blinked at him
In the funniest kind of a way.

The pumpkin was yellow and fat and round
And as funny as he could be,
But strange was his case for he had no face
So he couldn't smile back, you see.

But on All Hallowe'en, when the moon looked down
From the sky, through the shadows dim,
The pumpkin fat on a gate-post sat,
And saucily laughed at him.

—Anna C. Ayer.

Courtesy of "The Youth's Companion".

QUESTIONS

Which of the three stanzas of the poem do you think the picture illustrates?

If you were making a picture to illustrate the other two stanzas, how would you make it different from this picture?

Why do you think the moon in the picture looks so cross?



THE PUMPKIN FAT ON A GATE-POST SAT

THE GREAT WHITE FEATHER

Here is a good Indian story. Like many legends it rambles on from one adventure to another to the happy ending. As you read, make a list of the important things which happen, and be prepared to tell the story, using your list as a guide.

You will have to learn to read and make notes rapidly. When you have read the whole story and made your list, raise your hand, and your teacher will make a record of the time it has taken you. Several of the lists can be placed on the blackboard, and the class can see whether those who worked most rapidly have made the best lists.

As a rule not more than one heading need be written for a paragraph; often, particularly where conversation occurs, several paragraphs can be included under one heading or left out entirely.

The list for the beginning of this story might be something like this:

A race with the giants to save the children

The old man's rescue of his grandson

The prophesy

The white feather

Once there were giants on the earth, and they devoured little children. The great medicine man of our nation told the chief he should bet all the little children of his nation on a race he would run with the giants, and, if he beat them, no more children would ever be eaten by the big men. The chief was very anxious to rid himself of the giants, besides it was evident they would eat up all the children at any rate, so they might as well be bet as not. A great council was called, and, after three days' debate, it was agreed the children should be put up and the race run with the giants by the medicine man. All the nation was

present to witness the contest, but the giants easily won the race; so they demanded that the children should be given up that they might devour them.

Now, there was one old man who had a grandchild that he loved dearly, and when the race was lost, he took the child on his back, and traveled for many days to the west, until he came to a great wood, and in the depth of the forest he built a hut and hid away the child, hoping the giants would not find him.

The prophets had foretold that a child would be born in the tribe, who would wear a white feather, become a mighty man, a great warrior, and slay all the giants.

The old man kept his grandson in great ignorance, telling him they were the only people in the world besides the giants, and that if the giants found them out they would kill and eat them. The boy was very much afraid, and hid away at every noise he heard.

One day, while out hunting, he shot a bird, and, as it had pretty white feathers in its tail, he pulled them out and put them in his hair. When he returned home in the evening, his grandfather saw the white feathers, and, remembering what the prophets had said, he knew at once that his grandson would be a great man and destroy the giants. But the old man was still afraid the giants might kill and eat the boy, for he was yet a small lad; so he did not tell him of what great honors were in store for him.

Not many days after he had shot the bird, the boy was out hunting in the woods, and, as was his wont when tired, he lay down in the shade of a great tree to

sleep; and as he slept, he heard a voice saying, "Go home, you wearer of the white feather, and when you sleep, you will dream of a pipe and sack with a great white feather, and when you wake you will find them, and see that you keep them". When the boy heard these words he jumped up and looked whence the voice proceeded, and saw a wooden man fixed firmly in the earth. He was greatly astonished, for he did not know there were any men in the world beside his grandfather. So he ran home and slept, and sure enough he dreamed he saw a pipe and sack, and a great white feather in it; and when he waked up, the articles were there. He had told his grandfather all about his dream in the wood, and at once accused him of putting the sack and pipe with the feather by his bed while he slept. But the old man would only answer, "Put the feather in your hair, and you will one day become a great man and destroy all your enemies". So the boy braided the feather in his hair, and immediately he felt very strong, and, to see if his strength was real, he went out and easily overthrew a great tree, and he became very proud of his strength.

Next day he said to himself, "Now that I am so strong I will go out and pull up the wooden man and bring him home, so that I can talk with him". And he went to the wooden man in the forest, and tried to pull him up; but, although he could uproot great trees, he could not get the wooden man out of the ground; whereat he got very angry, and struck the man in the face, but only hurt himself, for the man had an iron head. The wooden man laughed heartily

at his rage, and said to the boy, "See, my son, strength is not the only thing we must have in the world, and, in a man or a nation it is of little use without wisdom; now, if you will dig about me, you can easily lift me". Then he dug about the man and lifted him out and carried him home on his back.

When the old man saw the wooden man, he fell to the earth on his face and was mightily afraid, for he knew it was the god the giants had stolen when they overcame his nation, since which time no luck had come to his people. The boy bade his grandfather get up and tell why he was afraid. Then the old man said, "My son, whatever you wish will be so, for this is the all-powerful god the giants stole and hid away". The young man at once lighted his pipe and wished for some pigeons for his dinner, and immediately great flocks issued from the smoke of his pipe; then he wished for some rabbits, and hundreds of them came jumping out of the woods. He took good care of his pipe and the wooden man and wore his white feather and lived in the wood with his grandfather until he grew to be a tall man.

One day the wooden man said to the boy, who was now called Chacopee, "You are big and strong; go, slay the giants, but be not foolish, for wisdom, and not strength must win the victory. If you think of nothing else until it is done, you will kill all the giants. Go and be wise."

Early the next morning the young man set off alone, and after traveling a hundred sleeps he came to the land of the giants. When they saw him and observed

that he wore a white feather in his hair, they laughed, and scoffingly said, "So this is the little man who has come to kill us all! Let the cooks put on some water to boil him in, and we will soon make an end of him by eating him." "Come, short legs," cried one of the giants, "dance us a jig while the water is heating".

But Chacopee only said, "If my legs are short, they are long enough to beat yours, if you will give me a start".

"Agreed," cried the giant; "go out to yonder tree, and I will catch you before you have run half a mile".

Then Chacopee walked out to the tree, and all the way along he thought how he should out-wit the giant. Unperceived he tied the grass across the path, and cried to the giant to come on. So the giant ran, and tripped his foot in the grass, and fell to the ground with great force, which so stunned him, that before he could rise Chacopee hit him on the head with a war-club and beat his brains out. Another giant came running to help his brother; but Chacopee fell flat on the earth, and the giant stumbled over him; so he beat out his brains.

Now, there was still another giant, who was a very wise man, who had the power to take whatever shape he wished, and, seeing the fate of his brothers, he immediately changed himself into a beautiful woman, and came to Chacopee and said, "Come and be my husband, for I love you, and have traveled a long way to marry you".

But Chacopee remembered what the wooden man had told him, and at once lighting his pipe he wished

himself an elk, and immediately he was an elk. The woman upbraided him, and cried so bitterly that he repented, for she was very beautiful, and he wished himself a man again. He became a man at once, and kissed the woman's lips and cheeks, and laid his head on her lap and fell asleep. While he slept, she took the feather out of his hair, and, taking his pipe, the giant at once became himself, when he called in a loud voice to Chacopee to wake up; and, on waking up, poor Chacopee found the woman gone and himself as weak as any other man. So the giant changed Chacopee into a dog and bade him follow him.

Putting the feather into his own hair, the giant and his dog set out for the north, where two famously pretty women lived whom the giant wished to marry. These girls were the daughters of a great chief, who had sworn they never should marry any one but a great chief who, the prophets foretold, would come from the south and wear a white feather in his hair. When the giant and his dog came to the village the giant went in to stay with the eldest sister, while the dog stole off to the other sister's lodge and slept beside her. In the night the younger sister dreamed if she took good care of the dog she would become a great chief's wife, far greater than he of the white feather. Next morning she would not look at the giant, but walked out of the village followed by the dog, and when they were alone the dog ran to the brook and took up a stone in his mouth which immediately became a beaver, and the chief's daughter took it home for their dinner.

The giant hunted every day, but he could kill nothing,

so he and his squaw were nearly starved, and the chief was very angry because the giant kept his daughter so poorly. The giant, seeing how well the younger sister and her dog lived, watched the dog, and when he had taken a stone from the brook and it turned to a beaver, the giant drew out a stone from the water and it also became a beaver. Greatly rejoiced, he tied the beaver to his belt and carried it home, where he skinned it, and his wife put it in the pot to boil. But when she took off the lid to see if it was done, only the stone was there which her husband had taken from the brook.

The dog, finding his secret was discovered, went out into the woods and broke a dry twig from a bush that had been burned by the fire, and the black twig at once became a black bear. The giant watched again, and seeing how the dog got his game, he broke a twig off, and immediately it was a black bear. So he tied it to his belt and brought it home. But when his squaw went to get some of the bear, she saw only a charred stick tied to the belt. Then the giant went to the chief and told him of the things that were done by the dog that lived with the chief's daughter; but the chief said it was impossible for a dog to take game as the giant related. However, the chief, to satisfy himself about the matter, appointed several young men to go and see about it. When the dog heard this he told his mistress by bow-wows to sweat him as the Indians do sick people. Then she built a pit and left it open at the top, and in the pit she put the dog, and put several heated stones in with him, and closed the opening. So he sweat prodigiously and when the young men came

and opened the pit the dog was no longer there, but a nice young man in his stead.

Then they took him out of the pit and brought him to the chief, but he had no speech, and could tell them nothing. The chief called all the wise men together, and they took council. All of them smoked, and the giant smoked, but when the young man smoked, behold great flocks of pigeons flew out of the smoke. The wise men knew by this token that the young man was the real Chief of the White Feather, and the giant an imposter. So the wise men smoked again, and then took the white feather from the giant's head and put it in Chacopee's hair, for it was he, and immediately Chacopee's speech returned, and he related to the wise men the wonderful things that had happened to him. When he had made an end of speaking, the wise men rose up and told the chief all they knew, and the chief ordered the giant to be beaten to death with clubs. But when the warriors came near him, he changed himself into a wolf, and ran away so fast that neither the warriors nor the dogs could catch him. And now we know that all the wolves living are the giant's children.

After the giant had run away the chief made a great feast, and married his daughter to Chacopee, who took his wife to his people, where he brought also the wooden man and his old grandfather, who was still living. And Chacopee became a great chief, and had many brave sons and beautiful daughters. And his sons still rule all that country, which is toward the setting sun and along the sea.

—From "*Belden the White Chief*".

CLEAR THINKING

Arrange your papers as you are accustomed to do. On the first clear line place the number 1, and continue to number the lines up to 10. Below are ten questions. The answer to each question is either *yes* or *no*. Read each question carefully, and write either *yes* or *no* on the proper line.

1. I am one year older than Tom and Dick is one year younger than Tom. Am I older than Dick?

2. Mary received a dollar for Christmas. If she bought a doll for eighty cents, could she buy a doll's parasol for twenty-five cents with what remained?

3. Last week Henry earned sixty cents. If he this week earns fifty cents, can he buy a dollar ball?

4. Some of the girls on our street belong to the Methodist Sunday School. Jane Thompson lives on our street. Can you be sure that she goes to the Methodist Sunday School?

5. Polar bears live in cold countries. Would you hunt them in the swamps of Florida?

6. If apples cost eight cents apiece, can I buy six with a fifty-cent piece?

7. The town of Ardmore is nine miles west of Philadelphia and the town of Wayne six miles west of Ardmore. If I have enough gasoline to travel ten miles can I go from Philadelphia to Wayne?

8. If it cost two dollars a yard to lay a cement walk, can one hundred yards of walk be laid for \$125?

9. Anna has thirteen cents. Can she give each of her five brothers two cents and still have two left?

10. All the boys in our class wear blue caps. John does not wear a blue cap. Is he in our class?

THE RED RUBBER BALL

This story tells of a fine kind of courtesy that every boy and girl should have. It is the kind of courtesy that a girl shows when she stops to pick up a bundle which an old woman has dropped, or the kind of courtesy that a Boy Scout shows when he guides a blind man at a crowded street crossing. These are things that one might neglect to do and still not be thought rude or unkind. They show a thoughtfulness for others which is, after all, what courtesy really is.

In this story we have a boy who shows courtesy to another boy, which is more unusual. As you read, see if you think you would have acted as Dwight did.

The long train on which Dwight was traveling had been standing at a little way station for half an hour. Something was wrong with the engine. But Dwight did not care. He was watching a freckle-faced boy about his own age, playing ball by himself in a little yard not far from the track. The boy was so used to trains that he did not look up, but kept on playing. At last, however, he saw Dwight at the window of the nearest coach. They grinned at each other.

Without knowing it Dwight cupped his hands as if he were waiting for the ball. "What kind of a ball is that?" he called.

"Red rubber!" the freckled boy called back. Then he added, "Want to look at it?"

Before Dwight could answer, he had raised one arm and tossed the ball. Dwight caught it. He pulled out his pocketknife. "This is what I play with on the train," he said.

The freckle-faced boy looked eager. "I never had any knife," he said, grinning cheerfully.

Just at that moment some one called the freckled boy quickly, and he turned to run. "Back in a second!" he called to Dwight.

The red rubber ball was not much of a ball, Dwight thought. It already had a hole in it, and the bounce was nearly gone. He was so busy looking at it that he did not notice when the wheels slowly began to move. All at once he looked up. The train was well under way, and the little yard and the freckled boy were gone.

"I've carried off that boy's ball!" cried Dwight in dismay. He told his father what had happened. "I don't even know his name," he finished.

"I'm afraid there's nothing we can do but wait till we come back this way two weeks from now," his father said. "The train always stops here for a few minutes for water."

A fortnight later, when the long train stopped again at the way station, Dwight was looking out anxiously. There was no one in the yard.

"What shall I do?" he said. He held the ball tight. There was something heavy inside it, and a string with a note tied to it hung from the hole. The heavy thing was a slim pocketknife with three bright blades. The note said, "I had to put something in the ball to give it ballast, so it wouldn't fall in the wrong place. Keep the ballast."

The precious minutes were flying, but Dwight did not like to throw the ball without seeing the owner. If he only knew the boy's name he could call. Then all at once he remembered his face very distinctly--

round and jolly and peppered with freckles. Perhaps they called him "Freckles", for fun!

He leaned out of the window and put his hands to his mouth. "Ho, Freckles!" he called.

Instantly the jolly face appeared at an open upstairs window. It looked surprised, and then pleased. The signal was given for the train to move; there was not an instant to be lost.

"Catch!" cried Dwight.

The other boy made ready, and the red rubber ball flew through the air. The boy in the window caught it squarely.

He looked more puzzled than ever at sight of the string and the note. Then Dwight, gazing back as the train moved faster and faster, saw him jerk the knife out of the ball. The freckle-faced boy broke into a broad grin. He leaned out of the window of the little house and waved with all his might to the boy at the window of the speeding train.

—Nancy Byrd Turner.

Courtesy of "The Youth's Companion".

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Dwight might have kept the rubber ball. It was certainly not his fault that the train started away when it did. The point is, would he have enjoyed the ball as much as he enjoyed returning it in the way he did? What do you think of this? This question is worth discussing with your classmates and your teacher.

What do you suppose the freckle-faced boy was thinking during the two weeks before Dwight returned his ball?

This little story can be easily divided into three parts. Write a title for each part.

WHY THE MOON CHANGES

You are always glad to see the little new moon, far down the western sky when it first appears. And you like to watch it grow and grow, rising later and later each night, until, when it is very big and round, you are in bed and asleep before it rises at all. After that it grows smaller and smaller, and the face of the friendly man in the moon disappears, and finally it is a pale little thing like a tiny white cloud that you can see in the daytime. Have you ever wondered why the moon is so changeable, while the sun stays always just the same? Here is a story that tells why. You may decide for yourself whether you think it is a true story or not.

You should all begin reading at the same time. When you are through, raise your hand. Your teacher will make a list of your names in three equal groups, as was suggested on page 31. She will then see which group can most readily make a list of the four things into which the blacksmith was changed.

Once upon a time there was a blacksmith who did not like to be a blacksmith. He was tired of his forge, and tired of his bellows, and tired of seeing the sparks fly up from his hammer, and tired of seeing the farmers who came to bring their horses to be shod. He told everyone who came into his shop how tired he was. One day there came into the village a wise magician, who had power to make everything in the world take whatever shape he commanded it to take. He heard the blacksmith complaining, and said to him:

“What is it that you would like to be?”

“Oh,” replied the blacksmith, “the worst thing about my work is that it is too warm here over the forge. I should like to be something cool. I think I should like to be a great rock up on the mountain.

There the wind blows and the trees give their shade, and it must be a pleasant life."

"Very well," said the magician, "you shall be a stone". And immediately the blacksmith found himself a great rock on the mountain side.

For a while he found it very pleasant. The soft breezes blew, and the trees whispered softly together above his head, and now and then a pretty bird came and lighted on his shoulder. But one day a stone-cutter came to the mountain to hunt for stone, and when he saw the great rock that had been the blacksmith he knew it was the very kind of rock he wanted. So he began to cut it with his chisel.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" cried the stone. "This stone-cutter is hurting me. I do not want to be a stone any longer. I should rather be a stone-cutter."

"Very well," said the stone-cutter, who was the wise magician in disguise, "so you shall be". And immediately the stone was changed into a stone-cutter, and went around with his chisel in his hand searching for suitable stones on the mountain.

For a while he was pleased with the change. But the ground was rough and blistered his feet, and not all the right stones were in shady places, and the sun was high and hot in the sky. "Oh, dear," grumbled the stone-cutter who had been a blacksmith, "this is as bad as ever. I'm very tired, and the sun is very warm. I do not want to be a stone-cutter any longer. It is too hard work. I think I should like to be the sun, and have nothing to do but ride in my chariot and look at the people on the earth."

"Very well," said the wise magician, who had remained within hearing, "you shall be the sun." And immediately the stone-cutter found himself a great, round, yellow ball of fire, riding high in the heavens and giving light and heat to all the earth. But he could not give heat and light without feeling warm himself, much warmer than when he had been a blacksmith or when he had been a stone-cutter.

"Alas!" he cried in despair, "I am much warmer now than I ever have been in my life before. Please, good magician, I do not like to be the sun. The moon looks cool; let me be the moon."

"Very well," said the patient magician. "The moon you shall be." And immediately the sun who had been a blacksmith was changed into a shining silver globe in the dark night sky. But now he was worse off than ever, for he was cold—oh, so cold!

"Oh, good magician!" he cried in his discomfort, "this is worse than being the sun, for I am freezing. I do not want to be the moon. Let me be a blacksmith again. That, after all, is the best life."

But the magician had come to the end of his patience. "I am weary of your changing," he said. "You wanted to be the moon; well, the moon you are, and the moon you shall remain."

And in yon high heaven the blacksmith lives to this day, and it is his face you see when the moon is full. But because he was so changeable, the moon changes, too, and is sometimes big and round, sometimes a hemisphere, and sometimes a tiny thread of a crescent.

—Adapted.

PROBLEMS IN UNDERSTANDING

Arrange your papers with your name and grade on the first line, the date and your room or teacher's name on the second line. Leave the third line vacant; and, beginning with the fourth line, number the lines from 1 to 9. This exercise is to help you read quickly and accurately. See that you understand all the directions in each problem before you attempt to carry them out. On the other hand, work as quickly as you can.

1. A woman entered the room. She wore a white dress with white collar and cuffs. On her head she wore a white cap. She poured some medicine out of a bottle and gave it to a sick man who lay in bed.

What kind of woman was she? Housemaid, nurse, doctor, clerk. Write your answer on the first line.

2. The kitten was soft and warm and snug as she curled up in my lap with half shut eyes and purred her contentment to the fire.

What word best describes the kitten? Cross, faithful, comfortable, graceful.

3. The lamps now glitter down the street;
 Faintly sound the falling feet;
 And the blue even slowly falls
 About the garden trees and walls.

—Stevenson.

If this is a description of early morning, draw a star on the third line. If not, draw a moon there.

4. Old Mother Hubbard
 She went to her cupboard,
 To get her poor dog a bone.

When she got there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog got none.

If you think the dog was satisfied, write *yes* on the fourth line; if you think he was not, write *no* there.

5. Peas are an early vegetable; beans grow all summer; but corn ripens late.

Which comes first, beans or peas? Write your answer on the fifth line.

6. A small concrete building served as a guard house in which were cots for the soldiers who were not acting as sentries.

Of what material was the guard house made? Write your answer on the sixth line.

7. John was very proud of his big brother, the policeman, because he wore a uniform. John made up his mind that he too would wear a uniform when he grew to be a man.

What was John's brother? Fireman, conductor, policeman, soldier.

8. Trees are green with leaves in summer, but they have bare branches in winter. The tree outside my study window is full of green leaves.

If it is summer, draw a picture of a leaf on the eighth line. If it is winter, write the word *cold*.

9. Mary is older than Henry and Henry is older than John. Which is younger, John or Mary?

Write your answer on the ninth line.

THE OPEN GATE

Here is a story of some animals that lived together in a farmyard. We think you will like their names; but we would like you to be ready to tell your teacher and your classmates why you think the names are good names. As you read, choose a name for the brown colt. It is he who causes all the trouble, but he is a much wiser colt at the end of the story than at first. Decide which one of the animals you like the best and why.

Read the story silently and as quickly as you can. When you have finished, raise your hand that your teacher may know you have come to the end.

One bright summer afternoon Fleet, the good old shepherd dog that helped to take care of the farmyard, decided that he would step into the barn to see his friend Mrs. Muffet and her two little kittens.

On his way, Fleet looked around to see that all was right. The weather was warm; the hens were taking a dust bath under the apple tree, and the brindle calf was asleep in the shadow of the barn. The ducks and geese were at the pond, the horses were at work in a distant field, the cows and sheep were in pasture, and only the brown colt kicked up his heels in the farmyard; so Fleet barked with satisfaction, and walked into the barn.

Inside he found Mrs. Muffet washing her face, while her two little kittens slept in the hay. She gave Fleet a warm welcome.

"Good evening, Mrs. Muffet," said he.

"Good evening, Friend Fleet," answered she.

"How are the children?" asked the good dog, "and do they grow?"

"Grow?" said Mrs. Muffet. "You never saw anything like them! and such tricks as they play! Tittleback is the merrier, and will play with his own tail when he can find nothing else; but Toddlekins can climb in a way that is astonishing. Why, he even talks of going to the top of the barn, and no doubt he will some day."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Fleet. "Children are so remarkable now."

"But what is the news with you, Friend Fleet?" inquired Mrs. Muffet.

"Nothing at all," said Fleet. "The barnyard is as quiet"—but just as he spoke there arose such a clatter outside the door that he sprang to his feet to see what was the matter, and the two kittens waked up in alarm. Outside, the yard was in a commotion. Everybody was talking at the same time. The hens were cackling, the roosters crowing, the ducks quacking, the calf crying, and the sound of flying hoofs could be heard far down the road.

"Pray, what is the matter?" said Fleet to three geese, that were hurrying along, with their necks stretched out.

"The gate is open, the brown colt's gone, the brindle calf's going and we are thinking about it; quawk! quawk!" said the three geese, Mrs. Waddle, Mrs. Gabble, and Mrs. Dabble.

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Muffet, putting her head out of the barn door.

"Out into the world," said the three geese together.

"You'd better go back to your pond," barked Fleet,



FLEET BOUNDED OFF TO HELP THE COOK

as he bounded off to help the cook, who was waving her apron to keep back the brindle calf, while the milkmaid shut the gate, and little Dick ran down the road after the brown colt.

The brown colt kicked up his heels, and did not care how fast Dick ran. He had all the world to roam in, and the green grass was growing everywhere; so he tossed his head and galloped away toward the blue hills.

After a while he looked to see whether Dick was still following him, but nobody was in sight; so he lay down and rolled over among the daisies; and this was such fun that he tried it again and again, until he was tired.

Then he nibbled the grass a while, but soon decided to take another run; and he raised such a dust as he scampered along that the birds peeped down from the trees to see what it was, and a little rabbit that ran across the road was so astonished that it did not take breath again till it reached its greenwood home.

"Hurrah!" said the brown colt, not because he knew what it meant but because he had heard Dick say it. "Hurrah! maybe I'll never go back!"

Just then there came an awful screech out of a neighboring field, and, although it was only the whistle of a threshing machine, the brown colt was terribly frightened, and jumped over a fence into a cotton field.

"Oh!" thought he, as he tore his glossy coat on the sharp barbs of the wire fence and cut his feet as he leaped awkwardly over, "Oh! how I wish I could see Dick now".

But Dick was at home. He had run after the brown colt as fast as his feet could carry him, and had called "Whoa! Whoa!" but the brown colt would not listen; so Dick had gone home with his head hanging down, for he was the very one who had forgotten to shut the farmyard gate.

Mother was at home, and she felt very sorry when she heard about it, for she knew how dear that colt was to her careless little boy. When father came in from the fields, too late to look for the runaway, he said that big boys and little boys and everybody else must take care of the things they wanted to keep; and Dick cried, but it did no good.

The cows came home when father did, and the brindle calf was glad that she had not gone away from the farmyard when she saw her mother come in from the clover lot. The chickens went to roost, and the horses were fed; but no brown colt came in sight, although Dick and Fleet went down the lane to look, a dozen times.

"He's sorry enough," said Friend Fleet to Mrs. Muffet, as they ate their supper; and Mrs. Muffet told her kittens all about it when she went back to the barn.

Poor little Dick! and poor brown colt! They thought about each other very often that night; and early in the morning the man who owned the cotton field, drove the brown colt out.

The long pike road stretched out, hard and white, before him, and the chattering birds seemed to say:

"Is this the same brown colt that raised such a dust yesterday?"

Oh! how long and weary the way was, to his limping feet! But at last he reached home, just at milking time; and when the milkmaid saw him standing at the gate, she called everybody out to see him.

Dick and the cook and Fleet tumbled over each other in their surprise, and the barnyard was in such an excitement that one hen lost her chickens and did not find them all for fifteen minutes.

"What did you see?" cried the brindle calf.

"What made you come back?" asked the geese; but Dick and Friend Fleet asked no questions, because they understood.

That was a long time ago, and the brown colt is a strong horse now, and Dick a tall boy; but neither of them will forget the day when Dick was careless and did not shut the farmyard gate.

—From "*Mother Stories*", by Maud Lindsay.

Courtesy of Milton Bradley Company.

The three important events of this story are:

1. The gate was left open.
2. The brown colt ran away.
3. The brown colt came back.

Tell everything you can remember about the first event; the second event; the third event.

The conversation between Fleet and Mrs. Muffett serves as an introduction to the story. Repeat this conversation. When you have finished, your classmates will tell you:

1. Whether they could hear and understand what you said.
2. Whether you left out anything that would make your story interesting.

PICTURE BOOKS IN WINTER

Summer fading, winter comes—
Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs,
Window robins, winter rooks,
And the picture story-books.

Water now is turned to stone
Nurse and I can walk upon;
Still we find the flowing brooks
In the picture story-books.

All the pretty things put by,
Wait upon the children's eye,
Sheep and shepherds, trees and crooks,
In the picture story-books.

We may see how all things are
Seas and cities, near and far,
And the flying fairies' looks,
In the picture story-books.

How am I to sing your praise,
Happy chimney-corner days,
Sitting safe in nursery nooks,
Reading picture story-books?

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

QUESTIONS

From the first stanza, what season of the year is it? What is meant by "Water now is turned to stone" in the second stanza?

What kinds of stories do you think the child in the poem liked best? What kind do you like best?

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

You will here learn of a man whose name is still famous although he has been dead many, many years. Read the story silently and as rapidly as you can without missing any of it, and find the answers to the following questions:

1. Why did Raleigh want to go to sea?
2. Was he well educated?
3. How did he prove he was gallant?
4. What did he have to do with America?
5. Why was he put in prison?
6. How did he die?

More than three hundred years ago when Elizabeth was queen of England, there lived a boy named Walter Raleigh. He went to school like other boys. As his home was near the sea-coast, he saw the ships going and coming and had many talks with the sailors. They told him about strange lands and people beyond the seas. Little Walter soon made up his mind that he would some day sail away and see these things for himself.

Boys did not stay at school so long in those days as they do now, for there were not so many things to learn. So, at the age of seventeen, Walter had finished his education. He had studied hard and stood well in his class. This was of much use to him in later life when he became a knight and held a high place at the court of the Queen; for Elizabeth liked to have able men about her.

Before Raleigh became a sailor he was a soldier and joined the army in France where there was a war. He tells a story of some of the enemy hiding in a cave,



SIR WALTER RALEIGH SPREADS HIS CLOAK FOR QUEEN ELIZABETH

when his troops came and burned bundles of straw at the cave's mouth and smoked them out into the open.

When the war in France was over, Raleigh went back to England. He was at once given command of one hundred men to help the army which was fighting in Ireland. This was a cruel war and many were killed, but it gave Raleigh a chance to show how brave he was. One night he set out to capture the castle of Lord Roche. The castle was well fortified and Raleigh had but ninety men with him; still he put to flight the five hundred defenders. By a trick he got into the castle, seized Lord and Lady Roche while they were eating breakfast, and took them prisoners to Cork. Raleigh lost but one man of his company.

One day Queen Elizabeth was walking on a path near the palace with a number of lords and ladies of the court. They came to a muddy place in the road. The Queen stopped. She did not want to soil her shoes with the soft mud. Walter Raleigh, who happened to be standing near, at once took off a fine red velvet cloak which he wore and spread it on the ground before the Queen's feet. Elizabeth smiled on him, stepped on the cloak and passed safely over.

After that Raleigh was in high favor at the court. In fact the Queen grew so fond of the big, handsome soldier that she wished him to be always near. She would not let him go again to Ireland to fight or go on voyages to America as he wanted to do.

Although Raleigh was not allowed to sail, yet he fitted out a fleet of seven vessels with a hundred men under Sir Richard Grenville. They settled on Roanoke

Island on the coast of Virginia, but they did not go about founding their colony in the right way. Instead of making friends with the Indians and buying from them land to farm, they spent their time hunting for gold and fighting with the natives. There were many Indians and very few of the settlers, so that they had a hard time of it. They were only too glad when Sir Francis Drake came along the next year with his fleet of English ships to take them back to England.

Raleigh would not give up the plan to form a colony and sent out another fleet with one hundred and fifty men and women. But this fared worse than the other, for they were all killed or captured by the Indians.

At this time a great Spanish fleet called the "Armada" came from Spain to attack England. The Spaniards had more than one hundred vessels and several thousand men. They were met by an English fleet under the command of Admiral Drake. The Spanish ships were badly beaten and only a few of them ever got safely back to Spain. For this victory the English captains were thanked by the Queen, but especially Sir Walter Raleigh who had been in charge of many of the preparations against the attack.

Although Queen Elizabeth was very fond of Sir Walter, he had many enemies at court who continually tried to injure him in the eyes of the Queen. For a time they were successful, and he was a prisoner in the Tower of London, a great fortress and prison in the center of the city. He was at length released but was not allowed to return to the court.

A few years after, Raleigh took charge of a fleet of

seven ships to go to South America in search of gold, They landed on the north coast near the island of Trinidad and sailed up the rivers. They had many fights with the natives but did not find gold, so they returned to England. Not long after this another fleet sailed under Raleigh for this same part of South America. This time they did better, for they found gold and settled a colony named British Guiana. Raleigh did not stay with them but came back home.

A few years later a great fleet of battleships sailed for Spain. They fought the Spanish fleet and defeated it and then captured the city of Cadiz. This was a great victory and Raleigh had a large share in it.

But Raleigh now lost his best friend. Queen Elizabeth died, and in her place was King James, who listened to those who made charges against Raleigh. Sir Walter was accused of treason and again made a prisoner in the Tower. He was released to make his second voyage to South America but on his return was again arrested, tried for treason, and convicted.

When the time came for him to die, he showed himself the same gallant gentleman he had always been, ready to meet any adventure, however terrible, with the same gay, hopeful courage he had always displayed. Although his expeditions to America were all failures it has been said by a famous historian that "The United States owe their being to Sir Walter Raleigh".

—From "*Heroes of Early American History*",
by Albert Lindsay Rowland.

Courtesy of the Franklin Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

PUTTING THINGS IN THEIR PLACES

Arrange your paper with your name on the first line, and your grade on the second line. Divide the rest of your paper into four parts with lines drawn as shown below. Let the lines run up as far as the third line of your paper.

GARDEN	TOOL CHEST	SEWING BASKET	PLAY ROOM

Write the words, GARDEN, TOOL CHEST, SEWING BASKET, PLAY ROOM, at the top of the four **spaces** on the fourth line, as shown above.

Below is a long list of words that is not very well arranged. On your paper rearrange the words so that everything that belongs in the GARDEN is placed in the first list, and everything that belongs in the TOOL CHEST is placed in the second list, and everything that belongs in the SEWING BASKET or the PLAY ROOM is placed in its proper list. If you finish before the others, wait quietly for them to complete their work.

hammer	thread	train	blocks
rake	ball	pin-cushion	tape
saw	mending	doll	linen
sand-paper	spool	file	compass
thimble	weeder	spade	snails
picture	tea-set	books	plane
fire-engine	hoe	pansies	nails
sweet-peas	rocking-horse	ruler	buttons
chisel	needle	pop-gun	leaves
scissors	seed	screw-driver	marigold

BLOCK CITY

Have you ever built with blocks things that seemed as real
as did this block city to the little boy of the poem?

Poetry is very much like music. The beat of the drums as the band plays is like the beat of the words in poetry, or the rhythm as it is called; and the words that sound like each other at the ends of the lines are like the same musical notes that repeat themselves in a piece of music.

It is not important that poetry be read fast, but it is important that you not only understand the meaning of the words, but also that you feel the rhythm of the verses.

When you read poetry to yourself silently, it is necessary that you have in your mind the sound of the words and the music of the lines, or you miss the beauty of the poem.

What are you able to build with your blocks?
Castles and palaces, temples and docks.
Rain may keep raining, and others go roam,
But I can be happy and building at home.

Let the sofa be mountains, the carpet be sea,
And there I'll establish a city for me:
A kirk and a mill and a palace beside,
And a harbor as well where my vessels may ride.

Great is the palace with pillar and wall,
A sort of a tower on the top of it all,
And steps coming down in an orderly way
To where my toy vessels lie safe in the bay.

This one is sailing and that one is moored:
Hark to the song of the sailors on board!
And see, on the steps of my palace, the kings
Coming and going with presents and things!

Now I have done it, down let it go!
All in a moment the town is laid low.
Block upon block lying scattered and free,
What is there left of my town by the sea?

Yet as I saw it, I see it again,
The kirk and the palace, the ships and the men,
And as long as I live and where'er I may be,
I'll always remember my town by the sea.

— *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

NOTE: "kirk" is the Scotch word for "church".

STEVENSON WAS THE GOOD FAIRY

Robert Louis Stevenson was very fond of children and loved to do things to make them happy. One summer day, as he sat on a bench in a park in the city of Edinburgh where he lived, he noticed a little boy, ragged and barefoot, lying on the grass under a big tree. The boy had a thin, pinched little face, and looked as though he might be hungry. Mr. Stevenson rose and tiptoed across the grass, so that the boy, whose back was towards him, might not hear him. He leaned over and slipped something into one of the lad's pockets. Then he went and sat down again.

In a little while the boy got up, yawned, stretched, and thrust his hands into his pockets. He drew out his hand and in it was a bright new penny. How in the world had it come there? Had a fairy visited him? He could not guess. You can imagine that he was no happier, however, than Mr. Stevenson.

THE STOLEN HONEY

Here is a story of some animals; but it might easily be a story of three boys. As you read, decide just when it was that Ray Coon did wrong first. Was he wrong in going with the Fox boys, or was it later that he should have said "No"?

As soon as the snow came, Ray Coon went out coasting. It was great sport, and he had so good a time that he went home and asked his mother to put up some luncheon for him.

"There are some fine hills not far away," he said, "and I want to go there and coast all day".

Mother Coon put a good luncheon into a little tin pail, and off went Ray Coon to the hills. All the forenoon he coasted to his heart's content, and at noon he ate his luncheon beside a spring that bubbled up through the snow near the road. He had no drinking cup, and so he dipped his bread into the spring.

"Ho, ho!" called a well-known voice near by. "We are going to have a better lunch than that!"

It was the voice of Reddy Fox; he and his brother, Rusty Fox, had seen Ray Coon from the road.

"My lunch is good enough for me!" said Ray Coon stoutly.

"It may satisfy you," said Rusty Fox, "but we are going to have honey".

"Honey!" cried Ray Coon. "Real honey?"

"Yes, real honey," said Rusty Fox. "Come along with us".

Now Ray Coon was very fond of honey, but he knew that the Fox boys were the idle fellows of the neighborhood and that they were always getting into trouble.

"Is it wild honey—in a tree somewhere?" he asked.

"No, a friend of ours has it in hives," said Reddy Fox. "Come along and ask no questions."

Ray Coon had a feeling that he should not go with the Fox boys, but it had been a long time since he had had honey. He would go with them just this once. He climbed a tree and hid his sled among the branches; then the three of them set out across the fields.

After a long walk they came to a stone wall.

"Who is going to give us the honey?" asked Ray Coon uneasily.

"We are just going to take it," said Rusty Fox. "It is in the hives that belong to old Farmer Bear."

"Do you mean that we are going to steal it?" asked Ray Coon, shrinking back.

"Don't be silly!" said Reddy Fox, pulling Ray Coon by the elbow. "Farmer Bear is your uncle, isn't he? He would give us the honey if we asked him for it."

"Yes, he is my uncle," replied Ray Coon. "But that does not make it right to steal from him."

"Oh, he will not mind," argued Rusty Fox. "We'll take such a little bit that he will never miss it."

By such poor arguments the Fox boys led Ray Coon, whose mouth was fairly watering for the honey, to do what he knew was not right. He climbed the wall with them, and a moment later all three were filling themselves with the sweet honey from the combs in the hives. How good it tasted! They quickly forgot all about their resolve to eat only a little.

Suddenly Reddy Fox cried out, "Run, boys, run! Here comes old Farmer Bear!"



F.R.

FARMER BEAR BUSTLED UP

Reddy and Rusty took to their heels; they did not intend to get caught. But Ray Coon did not run. He felt more shame than fright. Besides, it was bad enough to steal without running away when caught.

"What does this mean?" cried Farmer Bear, bustling up out of breath and seizing Ray Coon by the arm.

"I'm awfully sorry," began Ray Coon.

"Sorry!" echoed Farmer Bear. "It is a fine time to be sorry! You have no business to be in such company anyway. Now come straight home this minute."

Still holding Ray Coon by the arm, Farmer Bear marched him across the snowy fields. When they were near the house, Mother Coon came rushing to the door.

"What is the matter?" she called.

"Matter enough!" raged Farmer Bear. "This boy has been in bad company. The Fox boys are trying to make a thief of him!"

Mother Coon could hardly believe her ears. Ray had always been such a good boy!

Then Farmer Bear told Mother Coon all about it, and Ray Coon could not deny a word. He did not even try to excuse himself. He was sent to bed without any supper, and then Farmer Bear tramped off home.

Of course Ray Coon did not miss his supper very much, for he was full of honey, but the shame of the thing was indeed a great punishment. And to make it worse, he found the next day that the Fox boys had pulled his sled down from the tree, and it was nearly a week before they brought it back to him.

—John Clair Minot.

Courtesy of "The Youth's Companion"

WHAT A LIBRARY BOOK SAID

Your teacher will give you one minute in which you are to read this selection.

"Once upon a time," a library book was overheard talking to a little boy, who had just borrowed it. It was a new book, with a bright, pretty cover, and it spoke out clearly so that the little boy couldn't help listening. Its words seemed worth recording, and here they are:

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands; I should feel ashamed when the next little boy borrowed me.

"Nor open me so wide the first time that you crack my binding; I like to be handled gently.

"Nor leave me out in the rain; books, as well as children, can catch cold.

"Nor drop me on the floor; it will bruise my nice new cover.

"Nor make marks on me with your pen or pencil; it would spoil my looks.

"Nor lean on me with your elbows when reading; it hurts.

"Nor open me and lay me face down on the table; you wouldn't like to be treated so.

"Nor put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper; it would strain my back.

"Whenever you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corners of one of my leaves, but have a neat little bookmark to put in where you stop, and then close me, and lay

me on my side, so that I can have a good, comfortable rest.

“Remember that I want to visit a great many other little boys after you are through with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy.”

QUESTIONS

How many things did the book tell the little boy *not* to do?

Has any library book, or any book of your own, ever had reason to say any of these things to you?

Why is it worse to ill-treat a library book than a book of your own?

QUESTIONS OF FACT

Arrange your paper as you are accustomed to do. Number the lines from 1 to 10. As you read each of the following statements, decide for yourself if it is true or false, and write the word *true* or the word *false*, as the case may be, on the proper line of your paper.

1. Sunday is the last day of the week.
2. Dirt breeds disease.
3. December is the last month of the year.
4. Grocers sell flour by the pound.
5. Fish live in air.
6. You can buy prunes at a drug store.
7. Evergreen trees shed their leaves in winter.
8. Dogs have a keen sense of smell.
9. Paint preserves wood.
10. Abraham Lincoln was a hard-hearted man.

THE LITTLE BLUE SPOOL

See how long it will take you to read this selection.

The loom stood near a sunny window in the great, light, airy room where skilful weavers were weaving beautiful silk cloth of many colors. Across the framework of the loom, back and forth from top to bottom, were strung the long silk threads that were called the warp. At the side of the frame was a row of shuttles, or small metal cylinders pointed at one end and carrying each a spool of silk thread. Each shuttle contained a spool of silk of a different color from every other. These little shuttles were shot by the machinery across the frame of the loom, from right to left, from left to right, over one thread of the warp and under another, making what was called the woof of the silken cloth firm and close.

Among the shuttles was a little one that carried a spool of blue thread. One day he said to himself, "There doesn't seem to be very much blue in this silk. I can't see that I'm of much use, so I think I'll take a rest."

No sooner said than done; the little blue spool stopped working. He was so little, and his thread played so small a part in the pattern of the silk that the weaver didn't notice the difference until he took the silk from the loom. Then it was found that there were great gaps in the fabric where the little blue spool should have carried his thread through and hadn't. The costly cloth was ruined.

The weaver was very angry, and said the machine

was out of order. But the little blue spool knew that it wasn't the machine's fault. He was glad that the weaver couldn't understand the kind of language spools use when they talk to each other; for, if he could have, it would have been necessary for the little blue spool to confess that all the blame was his. He was very sorry and ashamed.

"Next time," he said to himself, "I will keep on working, no matter how unimportant my part in the pattern seems to be".

PROBLEMS

Try to draw a diagram that will show:

(a) The warp threads stretched across the loom.

(b) The position of the shuttles.

Try to state in one sentence what the little blue spool learned.

A QUEEN AND A MUSIC LESSON

Queen Victoria, who was such a good queen, was in her childhood not unlike other little girls. She did not like music lessons any better than you do, and often she tried the patience of her teacher. One day, when he was quite worn out with her inattention and naughtiness, he said severely, "There is no royal road by which you can make yourself mistress of music".

The little princess looked up, her eyes dancing with mischief. She jumped up from the piano-stool, closed the piano, and turned the key in the lock. Holding up the key, she cried triumphantly, "You see, there is a royal road by which I can make myself mistress of the piano".



THE HAYLOFT

THE HAYLOFT

Have you ever played in a hayloft? If you have, this poem will remind you of how you scrambled about and tried to bury one another in the fragrant piles. If you have never been on a farm, you can use your imagination to think what fun the children in the picture must have had riding home on the hay load, and playing in the barn.

Through all the pleasant meadow-side
The grass grew shoulder high,
Till the shining scythes went far and wide
And cut it down to dry.

Those green and sweetly smelling crops
They led in wagons home;
And they piled them here in mountain tops
For mountaineers to roam.

Here is Mount Clear, Mount Rusty-Nail,
Mount Eagle and Mount High;—
The mice that in these mountains dwell,
No happier are than I!

Oh, what a joy to clamber there,
Oh, what a place for play,
With the sweet, the dim, the dusty air,
The happy hills of hay!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

QUESTIONS

As you read this poem silently, could you imagine that you heard the words?

Can you name any other poems by Robert Louis Stevenson?

MIXED SENTENCES

This exercise is given to see if you can follow directions. Carry out each direction as you read it. Your success will be judged by the exactness with which you do as you are told.

1. Arrange your paper with your name on the first line and your grade on the second line. At the left hand side of your paper number the next ten lines of your paper from 1 to 10.

2. The words NAME IS A JOHN BOY'S do not make a good sentence, but if they are arranged in order, they form a good sentence: JOHN IS A BOY'S NAME. This sentence is true. In the same way the words, BOOKS MADE OF IRON ARE, do not make a good sentence, but rearranged they make a good sentence: BOOKS ARE MADE OF IRON. This sentence is not true.

3. Below are ten groups of words that can be rearranged into good sentences. When they are rearranged, some sentences will be *true*, and some will be *false*. Do not write the words in their right order, but see what they would say if you rearranged them. If what they would say is true, write the word *true* after the proper figure on your paper. But if what they would say is not true, write the word *false* after the proper figure. Do this with each group of words. When you finish, wait quietly for the others.

1. for gasoline fuel use automobiles.
2. trees on grow oak apples.
3. feet overshoes wet prevent.
4. houses is electricity light used to.
5. worn hot in climates are fur coats.
6. time much save telephones.
7. west the sun the in rises.
8. sport is winter a skating.
9. found is wells in milk.
10. wear all beggars crowns gold.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

Can you read this story in one minute?

You should all begin reading this selection at the same moment.

A tale is told of a tortoise who once challenged a hare to a race. The hare could not at first believe his ears; for he knew himself to be one of the swiftest of animals, while the tortoise with his heavy body and short legs was able to move but slowly. The tortoise insisted, however, and laid a wager of ten gold pieces that he would win the race. The hare laughed, but accepted, as he needed the money and knew of no easier way of getting it than this.

All the arrangements were made, and the field mouse and the wild turkey were on hand to start the race and assure fair play to both sides.

At a gobble from the turkey, which was the signal agreed upon, both the tortoise and the hare started off. The hare bounded lightly along, while the tortoise lumbered slowly over the ground. It was not long before the hare outdistanced his opponent so far that the tortoise was no longer in sight.

"This is ridiculous," said the hare to himself. "I might as well sit here and wait until the tortoise catches up." So he sat down in a cool, shady spot, and, as the day was warm, soon fell asleep.

When he awoke, the sun was low in the west. Suddenly, he remembered the race and the ten gold pieces he was to have won so easily. He was scared to think of what that slow, plodding tortoise might have done.

With a fluttering heart he bounded off and soon reached the goal, only to find that the tortoise was already there, and was quietly fanning himself after his long, tiresome journey.

The hare went home very much ashamed, having learned that the race is not always to the swift.

—Adapted from *Æsop's Fables*.

QUESTION

Who won the race? Why? Re-tell the story.

TRUE OR FALSE?

Arrange your papers as usual. Number the lines from 1 to 10. Some of the following statements are true, and some are not true. Read each carefully, and if you think it is true, write the word *true* on the proper line of your paper. If you think it is not true, write the word *false* there.

1. Apples grow on vines.
2. Rivers wear away mountains.
3. William Penn came to America before Christopher Columbus.
4. Ships cross the Atlantic in two days.
5. Mutton comes from sheep.
6. The Bible was first written in the English language.
7. Benjamin Franklin was a wise man.
8. New York is the largest city in America.
9. Railroad trains travel faster than steamboats.
10. Leather is woven like cloth.

SEEING THINGS

You should all begin reading this selection at the same moment. Your teacher will keep track of the time it takes you to read the story and will divide you into three groups, according to speed.

Are you in the same group you were in at other times when this division was made?

There is an Eastern proverb, "The wise man has two eyes; the fool has two spots on his face". Of course eyes are given us to see with, but not all of us use them. It is possible, for instance, to sit a long time with the eyes looking at the page of a book and even reading the words, without knowing a single thing that it said on that page, because the mind, with which we really see, is thinking of something far away.

The person who really sees with mind as well as eyes the things that pass before him is one whom we call *observant*.

One of the fables told by the slave Æsop, who thousands of years ago amused and taught the people of Athens with his stories, was about an astronomer who walked out night after night to gaze at the stars. Once as he was wandering near the city, star-gazing as usual, he failed to notice where he was going, and stepped into a well. Right in he went, splash! and there arose a great hullabaloo, till someone, hearing the man's cries of distress, ran to the well and rescued him. The wet and bedraggled astronomer told his rescuer just how the accident had happened; but all the comfort he got was, "My good fellow, while you are gazing at the sky and trying to understand the

mystery of the stars, you fail to see the common objects just before you". That astronomer is a good example of a person who is not observant.

Among the best observers in the world are the American Indians. They never let the tiniest object escape their notice. One day a hunter went out to shoot deer. The meat of the deer, *venison*, is dried by the Indians and pressed into cakes which they call *pemmican*. When the hunter came home he found that some pemmican he had stored away on the rafters of his hut had been stolen. He searched the hut carefully, and then went off to the wood. Meeting some woodcutters, he asked, "Have you seen a little old white man with a short rifle and a small bob-tailed dog?"

"No," they said. "Why do you ask?"

"Because he stole my pemmican," said the Indian.

"Why didn't you stop him?"

"Because I didn't see him."

"Then how do you know he was a white man?"

"Because the prints of his toes turned out when he walked." (An Indian's turn in.)

"How do you know he was old?"

"Because his steps were irregular."

"What showed he was little?"

"He made a pile of stones on the floor of my hut to reach the pemmican."

"How do you know his rifle was short?"

"There's the mark of the butt on the ground, and the barrel scratched the bark of one of the logs, showing the length."

“And however do you know the dog was bob-tailed?”

“Because he sat on the floor of my hut and his tail, as he wagged it, made a circle in the dust.”

Such an observant person deserved to catch the thief and get back his pemmican.

But the observant person not only finds his eyes useful to him; he finds that they give him pleasure as well. People who do not see with the mind's eye lose much pleasure in living. They are always missing something beautiful or amusing. “Why do you put such extravagant colors into your pictures?” a lady once asked of the great landscape painter Turner. “I don't see anything like them in Nature.”

The famous artist's reply was brief. “Do you not wish that you did, madam?” he asked.

—Adapted from *“Talks with Children about Themselves”*,
by Amy B. Barnard.

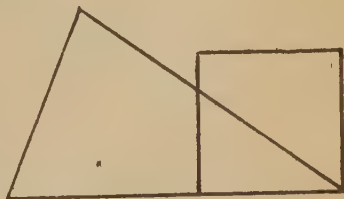
Why are American Indians such keen observers?

What did the artist Turner mean by his reply to the lady?

TWO PROBLEMS

1. Here are a triangle and a square.

If the triangle is larger than the square put a cross on your paper; but if the square is larger than the triangle, put a triangle there.



2. Below are the names of five things. Draw a picture of each thing which you use in school.

ruler gun book boat tree

THE HOUSE WHERE GOLDBLOCKS VISITED THE BEARS

Imagine yourself in the room where the table was set for dinner. The walls of the room are the rough logs of which the house is made, not smooth and covered with wall-paper as the walls in your house probably are; for you must remember that bears live in the mountains, and logs are the easiest things that they can find with which to build their houses. On these walls are pictures of honey-combs filled with honey, of thick slices of bread covered with jelly and molasses, and of bowls of berries with cream and sugar; for bears, just like boys and girls, are very fond of sweets. At the table are three chairs; a big chair, a middle sized chair, and a tiny little chair. On the table are three bowls filled with bread and milk and sugar; one big bowl, one middle sized bowl, and one tiny little bowl. Beside each bowl is a spoon; one big spoon, one middle sized spoon, and one tiny little spoon. A door opens into the room from the outside and in the right hand opposite corner is a staircase leading to the second floor. There is a window on each side and upon the floor are rugs made of skins.

QUESTIONS

1. In what kind of country do you think the house stands?
2. Of what is the house made?
3. What kind of pictures are on the walls?
4. How many bears lived in this house? How do you know?
5. Are they all the same size?
6. If they are not now at home do you think they will soon return? Why?

THE RED DRESS

Have you ever thought how many people have used their skillful fingers, their quick minds, their time and thought and effort, before you could have a thousand things that you use every day? The bread you eat, the shoes you wear, the house you live in, the water that runs from the bathroom spigot, the telephone: each of these things means that lots of people have worked and thought in order to make you more comfortable. Here is a story that will make you think of what you owe to others for the commonest things that you use.

All begin reading at the same moment. When you finish, your teacher will ask you to write an answer to one question.

"Mother, may I wear my red dress to-day?" said little Margaret on the first school day after Christmas.

"Please, mother, let me," she begged.

"Come here, Margaret," said her mother. "I will tell you a story while I get you ready for school." And this is the story Margaret's mother told:

Last spring when it was warm and pleasant, a wise fairy knew that the cotton dress you were then wearing would not be warm enough to wear this winter. So she started out to find something from which to make a warm dress. Soon she came to a green meadow.

"Baa-a-a!" said an old gray sheep. "How I wish I could lay off my coat. I am so warm."

"Just the thing," said the fairy. "But how can I help you get off that great coat of wool, Nannie?"

"We will help you," said some strong, sharp shears; and snip! snap! they went, until Nannie's coat was all in a heap on the ground.

"But the wool is not clean," said the fairy.

"Swish, swish, swish!" said some soap and water,



THE WISE FAIRY MEETS THE OLD GRAY SHEEP

"we'll show you what we can do". And sure enough the wool was soon white as snow.

"How nice!" said the fairy. "But that wool does not look very much like a dress."

"Perhaps we can help you," said some strong combs.

Back and forth they went until the wool was all combed out.

"Z-z-z!" sang the spinning wheels in the factory.

"We'll spin the wool into skeins of soft, white yarn."

"S-s-s," hissed the big kettle. "Dip the skeins in here and see what will happen." In went the snowy wool and out it came red as Christmas berries.

"Slam, bang!" said the great loom at the big factory.

"See what my shuttle will do!"

Sure enough, the shuttle flew back and forth until a long roll of cloth lay on the back of the loom.

"That begins to look like a dress," said the fairy.

"Now who will help?"

"Here we are!" sang out a pair of scissors, a needle, and a thimble.

"Now I know who will do the rest," said the fairy, as she put the thimble on mother's finger.

"So I sewed the pretty red dress for my own little daughter," said Margaret's mother as she slipped it over the little girl's head.

"Thank you and all the others for the dress," said Margaret. "I'll take good care of it," she added, as she ran off to school.

—"National School Service."

The one question: make a list of all the things that helped make the red dress.

CAN YOU ACT?

Here is another set of "movie" stories. If you forget how we played the first set, look on page 25 and see just what to do.

1. The Indian hid behind a tree near the water and waited for the deer to come down the hill for a drink.

2. On the way we met an old woman. She walked very slowly with the help of a cane. She was bent over, partly with age and partly by the great bundle that she carried on her tired shoulders.

3. Crouching behind a huge rock, the silent chief was able to peep out and count the white men and the horses as they appeared around the hills across the river.

4. George dashed in in great glee. Snatching up the newspaper from the table, he opened quickly to the second page to see if the picture could really be true.

5. We ran to the window at the first sound of music, and stretched out over the people below to see the men and flags go so proudly by.

6. The giant got slowly to his feet and stepped out with great care, in order not to crush any of the multitude of little people who surrounded him. He looked down upon them good-naturedly. "Well," he roared, although he really thought that he said it very gently. "Well, what do you want me to do to-day?"

7. Grumbling all the while like a cross old bear, the peddler got up on his feet; and, swinging the heavy pack to his shoulder, he trudged down the dusty road.

8. Little Red Riding Hood put her basket on the

table. Then she put in it the butter and the eggs and last of all the fresh-baked cake that was to surprise her grandmother. When everything was packed, she put on her red cloak; and, with her basket on her arm, she set out on her journey.

9. The giant sat down after his supper and commanded his wife to bring in his money bags. Then he began to untie each bag in turn and to count out the hundreds and hundreds of pieces of gold and silver.

10. At last the old fox thought of a scheme to catch the Little Red Hen. So he took a big bag and slung it over his shoulder and set out for the Little Red Hen's house. The Little Red Hen was picking up sticks for her fire, and so the old Fox crept behind the woodpile and slipped into the house and hid back of the door.

SINGING

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

What other things sing, and what do they sing about?

MOMOTARO'S FRIENDS

Here is an old Japanese fairy tale. Read it as fast as you can, but thoroughly enough so that at the end you can tell who were Momotaro's friends, why they were his friends, and how they helped him.

Once upon a time an old man and an old woman lived near a river at the foot of a mountain. Every day the old man went to the mountain to cut wood, and the old woman went to the river to wash clothes. Now, the old woman was very unhappy because she had no children; she felt that if she only had a son she would be a very fortunate old woman.

Well, one day she was washing the clothes in the river, when she saw something floating down the stream towards her. It proved to be a great pear. As she carried it home she heard a sound like the cry of a child. She looked right and left, but no child was to be seen. She heard the cry again, and fancied that it came from the big pear. So she cut the pear open at once, and, to her great surprise and delight, she found that there was a fine baby sitting in the middle of it. She took the child and brought it up, and because he was born in a pear she called him Momotaro.

Momotaro grew up a strong, fine boy, and when he was seventeen years old he started out to seek his fortune. He had made up his mind to attack an island where lived a very dreadful ogre, who used to kill and rob people. The old woman gave the boy plenty of food to eat on the way, and away he went.

He had not gone far when he met a wasp. "Give me part of your food, Momotaro," said the wasp,



THE FIVE COMPANIONS JOURNEYED ON TOGETHER

“and I will go with you and help you to overcome the ogre”.

“With all my heart,” said Momotaro.

Soon he met a crab, and the same agreement was made with the crab, and then with a chestnut, and last of all with a millstone.

So now the five companions journeyed on together. When the island of the ogre was reached they found that the ogre was not in his house. So they made a plan. The chestnut lay down in the ashes of a fire which had been burning on the hearth, the crab hid himself in a washing-pan nearly full of water, the wasp settled in a dusky corner, the millstone climbed on to the roof, and Momotaro hid himself outside.

Before long the ogre came back, and he went to the fire to warm his hands. The chestnut at once cracked in the hot ashes, and threw burning cinders over the ogre's hands. The ogre at once ran to the washing-pan, and thrust his hands into it to cool them. The crab caught his fingers and pinched them till the ogre roared with pain. Snatching his hands out of the pan, the ogre leapt into the dusky corner as a safe place; but the wasp met him and stung him dreadfully. In great fright and misery the ogre tried to run out of the room, but down came the millstone with a crash on his head and killed him at once. So, without any trouble to himself, and by the help of his faithful friends which his kindness had made for him, Momotaro gained the ogre's wealth, and his fortune was made.

—From “A Peep at Japan”,
by John Simmons.

THE TALE THE ZEBRAS TELL

Your teacher will have the class begin to read "The Tale the Zebras Tell" at the same moment. When you finish reading it through, close your book and wait until the teacher tells the few who have not finished to stop. You will then be asked to write a few words—just one sentence if you can—telling what happened to Trippy Tiger and Pony Gray.

A long time ago little Trippy Tiger went out to play. He snuffed through the slippery leaves on the ground and slid down sand banks and leaped over bushes. His mother had told him most particularly to be careful of his suit, for he had only one. For a time he remembered, but after a while as he raced and romped he forgot all about clothes.

Presently, lo and behold! he heard something go slippety-rippety. He cast a hurried look behind him, His stripes were coming off!

Now Trippy Tiger should have felt grieved, but instead he just giggled. He kicked out one foot, and then another; then a third and then a fourth. The stripes kept slipping; then he waggled his tail, and off came the last stripe!

Away he scampered, delightfully thin and deliciously airy.

"Ma whid!" he laughed. "It's great fun running round in your skinny skin."

By and by along came proper little Pony Gray, walking sedately and looking about him with a contented air. Presently he stopped short. What was that on the ground, long and slim and black? He picked it up and took it home to his mother.

"Now, what is that?" cried Mrs. Gray.

"I think it's a wonderful necklace," said little Pony Gray. "Or maybe bracelets."

"There's enough of it, whatever it is, to go all over you," Mrs. Gray said, and she began to dress her son in the strange ornaments.

"Oho!" he said with a great deal of pride when he saw himself in the glass.

That afternoon he and his mother called on Mrs. Tiger. Little Trippy Tiger had been put to bed as a punishment, but he crept out and peeped round a corner at the callers.

"Ma whid!" he yelled, when he saw the necklace and bracelets. "If he hasn't found my stripes!"

"Why, so he has, to be sure!" exclaimed Mrs. Tiger.

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Gray.

Pony Gray turned red and began to wriggle. He wriggled and wriggled with all his might, but the stripes would not come off, not one of them. What is more, they never did come off.

The next day the King of the Jungle came to call. He looked hard at Pony Gray. "I shall have to change your name," he said decidedly. "Hereafter you shall be called Zebra."

And from that time on Pony Gray was known as Zebra, and all his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren are called by that name to this day.

—Nancy Lord.

Courtesy of "The Youth's Companion".

THE WIND

We all know the wind and the things which he does. Sometimes he is strong and rough, slamming doors and rattling windows. At other times he is very gentle, so that he just brushes our cheeks as we lie in the hammock under the summer trees. This is a poem telling how a little child feels about the wind.

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky:
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind a-blowing all day long,
O wind that sings so loud a song.

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind a-blowing all day long,
O wind that sings so loud a song.

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind a-blowing all day long,
O wind that sings so loud a song.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Make a list of the things which the wind does that are mentioned in the poem. Make another list of as many more things that the wind also does. In the last stanza the wind is spoken of as strong and cold. Is the wind ever just the reverse of this?

MOLLY MEETS THE UNWISEMAN

Here is a story which we know you will like. It is nice and long and has lots of conversation, which is always interesting. Besides, you are not going to be bothered with questions at the end; so you can read right along with no thought in the world but enjoying yourself. You do not need to bother about pronouncing the hard words, because you are to read silently; and when one reads silently, pronunciation does not matter so much. We would suggest that your teacher watch you while you read to see if she can tell from your face if you are enjoying the story or not. Perhaps you will think of Whistlebinkie when you forget and talk as he did.

Mollie had been romping in the hay all the afternoon. With her were Flaxilocks, the French doll, and young Whistlebinkie, the rubber boy, who had got his name from the fact that he had a whistle set in the top of his beaver hat. Flaxilocks and Whistlebinkie could stand a great deal of romping, and so also could Mollie, but, on the whole, the little girl was not so strong as the dolls were, and in consequence along about five o'clock, having settled herself down comfortably on the shaded side of the haystack, a great pillow of sweet-scented clover grass under her head, it is not to be wondered at that Mollie should begin to ponder. Now it is a curious thing, but Mollie always has singular adventures when she ponders. Things happen to her then which happen at no other times, and which also, so far as I know, never happen to other little girls.

It was this way upon this particular afternoon, as you will see when you read on. She had been pondering for three or four minutes when almost directly at her side she heard a sob.

"Who's that?" she asked, sleepily, gazing around her.

"Who's what?" said Flaxilocks, sitting up and opening her great blue eyes so suddenly that something inside of her head seemed to click.

"Somebody's sobbing," said Mollie.

"I guess not," returned Flaxilocks. "We are all alone here. Nobody could have sobbed unless it was Whistlebinkie. Whistlebinkie, did you sob?"

"No," said Whistlebinkie, "'twasn't me. I can't sob because I haven't got a sobber to sob with. I've only got a whistle."

"Maybe I dreamed it," said Mollie, apparently satisfied for the moment, and then the three threw themselves back on the hay once more and began their pondering anew.

They did not ponder very long, however, for in a few moments Flaxilocks rose up again and observed:

"I heard a sob myself just now, Mollie."

"So-di," whistled Whistlebinkie, through the top of his hat.

"Whistlebinkie," said Mollie, severely, "how often must I tell you not to talk through your hat, but through your mouth? So-di doesn't mean anything. It isn't English. If you will only remember to use your hat to whistle through and your mouth for conversation every one will be able to understand. What do you mean by So-di?"

"So—did—I," said Whistlebinkie, meekly, this time using his mouth as Mollie had instructed him to do.

"Then you heard the sob?"

"Yes—ma'am—plain—as—can—be," returned Whistlebinkie.

"And no wonder," observed Flaxilocks, pointing one of her kid fingers off to her left. "Why shouldn't we all hear a sob when there is a poor little maid weeping so near at hand?"

"So there is," said Mollie, looking toward the spot at which Flaxilocks was pointing, where there sat a pretty little shepherdess with tears streaming down her cheeks. "Isn't it queer?"

"Very," said Whistlebinkie. "Shall I give a whistle of surprise, ma'am?"

"No," said Mollie. "I'm not surprised enough for that."

Then she got up and walked over to the strange little girl's side, and taking her hand in hers asked her softly why she wept.

"I'm little Bopeep," said the stranger. "And I've lost my sheep, and I don't know where to find them."

"Oh, is that all?" asked Mollie.

"Isn't it enough?" returned Bopeep, gazing with surprise at Mollie through her tears. "They were all spring lambs and I'm very much afraid some hungry man may have stolen them away and drowned them in the mint sauce pond."

"Dear me, how dreadful!" cried Mollie.

"Shall I give a whistle of terror, ma'am?" asked Whistlebinkie.

"No, don't," said Flaxilocks in a rather impatient tone. "Save your breath. We ought to help Bopeep to find her flock."



MOLLIE ASKS BOPEEP WHAT IS THE MATTER

"That's so," said Mollie. "Would you like to have us do that, Bopeep?"

"Oh, it would be very sweet of you if you would," sobbed the little shepherdess. "I can't tell you how glad I'd be."

"I'll whistle it for you if you want me to," said the obliging Whistlebinkie, which, as no one objected, he immediately proceeded to do. When he had finished Bopeep thanked him, and asked him if he were any relation to her old friend Flutiboy who was the only person she knew who could whistle as charmingly as he, which pleased Whistlebinkie very much because he had heard of the famous Flutiboy, and was well aware that he was the champion whistler of the world.

"Now let us be off to find the sheep," said Mollie. "Which way did they go, Bopeep?"

"They went every way," said Bopeep, her eyes filling with tears again.

"I don't see how that could be," said Flaxilocks, "unless one quarter of lamb went one way, and another another, and so on."

"Oh, it was easy enough for them," said Bopeep. "There were four of them, and one went north, one south, one east, and one west. If they had all run off together I could have run away with them, but as it was, all I could do was to let them go. I love them all equally, and since I couldn't favor any special one, or divide myself up into four parts, I had to let them go."

Perflyawfle," whistled Whistlebinkie through his hat. "Whistlebinkie!" cried Mollie, reprovingly.

"Puf-fick-ly or-full," said Whistlebinkie distinctly through his little red rubber teeth.

"Well, I say we keep together in looking for them, anyhow," said Flaxilocks. "Because it's bad enough to lose the sheep without losing ourselves, and it seems to me there being four of us we can find the first sheep four times as quickly if we stick together as we could if we went alone; and that of course means that we'll find the four sheep sixteen times as quickly as we would if we went alone."

"I don't quite see that," said Bopeep.

"It's plain enough," observed Flaxilocks. "Four times four is sixteen."

"Oh, yes," said Bopeep. "I see."

"Sodwi," whistled Whistlebinkie. "I mean so—do—I," he added quickly, as he noted Mollie's frown.

So the four little folk started off in search of the missing sheep, Whistlebinkie and Flaxilocks running on ahead, and Mollie and Bopeep with their arms lovingly about each other bringing up in the rear.

"Did you ever lose the sheep before, Bopeep?" asked Mollie, after they had walked a little way in silence.

"Oh my, yes," returned Bopeep. "I'm losing them all the time. It is a part of my duty to lose them. If I didn't, you know, the nursery rhyme couldn't go on."

"And you always find them again?" Mollie put in.

"Always. That's got to happen, too. If they didn't come back and bring their tails behind them the nursery rhyme would be spoiled again."

"Then I don't see why you feel so badly about it," said Mollie.

"I have to," replied Bopeep. "That's part of my business, too. I sometimes wish old Mother Goose hadn't employed me to look after the sheep at all, because it keeps me crying all the time, and I don't find crying very pleasant. Why, do you know, I have been in this sheep-losing business for nearly two hundred years now, and I've cried about seventy gallons of tears every year. Just think of that! That means fourteen thousand gallons of tears, and I only get five cents a quart, which doesn't more than pay my dressmaker's bills. I asked my employers some years ago to let me have an assistant to do the crying for me, but they wouldn't do it, which I think was very mean, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," said Mollie. "I should think losing the sheep was hard enough work for a little girl like you to attend to."

"That's what I think—but dear me, where are Whistlebinkie and Flaxilocks going?" said Bopeep. "They mustn't go that way. The first place we must go to is the home of the Unwiseman."

"The what?" demanded Mollie.

"The Unwiseman. He's an unwiseman who doesn't know anything," explained Bopeep. "The rules require that we go to him first and ask him if he knows where the sheep are. He'll say he doesn't know, and then we'll go on to the little old woman who lives under the hill. She'll know where they are, but she'll tell us wrong. Hi! Whistlebinkie and Flaxilocks!



THE UNWISEMAN SAT IN THE DOOR OF HIS HOUSE

Turn off to the left, and stop at that little red house under the oak tree."

"There isn't any little red house under the oak tree," said Mollie.

"Oh, yes, there is," said Bopeep. "Only you've got to know it's there before you can see it. The Unwiseman lives there."

Whistlebinkie and Flaxilocks did as they were told, and, sure enough, in a minute there appeared a little red house under the oak tree just as Bopeep had said. Mollie was delighted, it was such a dainty little house, with its funny gables and a roof made of strawberry icing. The window-panes were shining like silver, and if Bopeep was not mistaken were made of sugar. But funnier still was the Unwiseman himself, a queer-looking, wrinkled-up little old man who sat in the doorway trying to smoke a pipe filled with soapsuds.

"Good-afternoon, O Unwiseman," said Bopeep.

"Hoh!" sneered the Unwiseman. "This isn't afternoon. It's day before yesterday morning."

Mollie giggled.

"Hush!" whispered Bopeep. "He doesn't know any better. You can see that he doesn't know anything by looking at his pipe. He's been trying to smoke those soapsuds now for a week. The week before he was trying to blow bubbles with it, only he had corn-silk in it then instead of soapsuds. That shows what kind of a man he is."

"What can I do for you to-day, Bopeep?" asked the Unwiseman as he touched a lighted match to the suds, which immediately sputtered and went out.

"I wanted to know if you had seen anything of my sheep," said Bopeep.

"Let's see," said the Unwiseman. "Let's see. Sheep are what? They aren't anything like telegraph poles or wheelbarrows, are they?"

"No," said Bopeep, "they are not".

"Then maybe I have seen them," said the Unwiseman, with a smile of satisfaction. "Maybe I have. Several things went by here day after to-morrow that weren't a bit like wheelbarrows or telegraph poles. They may have been your sheep. One of the things had four red wheels on it—have any of your sheep got four red wheels on them?"

Whistlebinkie nearly exploded as the Unwiseman said this, but the queer old gentleman was not learned enough to know mirth when he saw it, so that no harm was done.

"No," said Bopeep. "My sheep had no wheels."

"Then I must have seen them," said the Unwiseman. "There was a thing went by here a week from next Tuesday noon that hadn't any wheels. It had two legs and carried a fan, or a fish-pole—I couldn't tell which it was—and it was whistling. Maybe that was one of the sheep."

"No," said Bopeep again, shaking her head. "My sheep don't whistle and they have four legs."

"Nonsense," said the Unwiseman, with a wink. "You can't fool me that way. I know a horse when I hear one described, and when any one tells me that the thing with four legs and no whistle is a sheep I know better. And so my dear, since you've tried to

trifle with me you can go along. I won't tell you another thing about your old sheep. I don't know anything about 'em anyhow."

Whereupon the old man got up from his chair and climbed the oak tree to look for apples, while the searching party went on to the little old woman who lived under the hill, and Bopeep asked her if she knew anything about the sheep.

"Yes," said the little old woman, with a frown which frightened poor Whistlebinkie so that he gasped and whistled softly in spite of his efforts to keep quiet. "Yes, I've seen your sheep. I know just where they are, too. One of 'em's gone to the moon. Another has been adopted by a girl named Mary, who is going to take it to school and make the children laugh. Another has sold his wool to a city merchant, and the fourth has accepted an invitation to dinner from a member of Congress. He will reach the dinner at half-past seven to-night on a silver platter. He will be decorated with green peas and mint sauce. Now get along with you."

Mollie felt very sorry for poor Bopeep as she listened to this dreadful statement, and she was very much surprised to see Bopeep smiling through it all.

"Why did you smile?" she asked the little shepherdess as they wended their way home again.

"Because I knew from what she said that she knew the sheep were safe—but she lives on ink, and that makes her disagreeable. She just wanted to make me feel as disagreeable as she does, and she told me all that nonsense to accomplish that purpose."

"The horrid thing!" said Mollie.

"No," said Bopeep. "She isn't really horrid. It's only because she lives on ink that she seems so. Suppose you had to live on ink?"

"I'd be horrid, too," said Mollie.

"There they are!" cried Bopeep joyfully, and sure enough there were the sheep. They had brought their tails behind them, too. They were grazing beside the hay-stack where Mollie had been pondering.

"I am very much obliged to you for your help and company," said Bopeep, "and now as it is six o'clock, I must drive my sheep home. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Mollie, kissing the little shepherdess affectionately.

"Good-by," said Flaxilocks, sinking back on the clover pillow, and closing her great blue eyes again.

"Gubby," whistled Whistlebinkie through his hat.

"Wasn't it queer?" said Mollie later as they wended their way home again.

"Very," said Flaxilocks.

"Queeresperiensieverad," whistled Whistlebinkie.

"What's that?" cried Mollie.

"Queerest—experience—I—ever—had," said Whistlebinkie.

"Ah!" said Mollie. "I didn't care much for the little old woman under the hill, but that funny old Unwiseman—I'd like to meet him again."

And the others agreed that it would indeed be pleasant to do so.

—Adapted from "*Mollie and the Unwiseman*",
by John Kendrick Bangs.

Courtesy of The John C. Winston Company.

THE BUTTERFLY WHO MADE THE FLOWERS HAPPY

The meadow was carpeted with flowers, for it was May. There were snowy daisies, and golden buttercups, and blue forget-me-nots, and soft purple violets. The sun shone down every day to warm them, and the soft dews came at night to cool and refresh them, and they were well content.

One day a white and yellow butterfly stopped to visit the flowers, alighting daintily on the petals of one or another. He talked first with the daisy, because like himself the flower was white and gold.

"What do you think about all day long, dear daisy, as you grow here in the meadow?" asked the butterfly.

"I think about the stars," said the daisy. "I love the stars that shine down upon me so kindly every night, and long to be like them. All day long I am wishing for the evening, when I can see them again."

The butterfly leaned low and whispered, "Dear daisy, I have often thought you looked like a star. Now I know that it is because you think of the stars so much." And he flew away, leaving the daisy very happy.

He fluttered next to the buttercup. "Dear buttercup," he said, "what do you think about all day long as you grow here in the meadow?"

"I think about the sun," said the buttercup, "because it is so beautiful and bright and golden; and I try to catch its rays in my cup. I should so like to look like the sun."

The butterfly leaned low and whispered, "You do look like the sun, dear buttercup. Its bright rays have painted your cup a beautiful golden color. It is because you think about the sun so much, I am sure." Then the butterfly flew away, leaving the buttercup very happy.

He alighted next on a leaf of the forget-me-not. "What do you think about all day long, dear forget-me-not," he asked, "as you grow here in the meadow"?

"I look up at the blue sky," said the tiny flower, "and think how beautiful it is. I should so like to be the color of the sky."

"Why," said the butterfly, smiling, "dear little one, don't you know that your blue is just the blue of the sky? It must be because you love the sky so much." Then he flew away, leaving the forget-me-not very happy.

By the time he called to see the violet, it was evening, and the western sky was painted with gold and crimson. "What do you think about at evening time, dear violet?" he asked.

"I watch to see the sky turn purple as the night falls," said the shy violet. "I love the evening, because the sky is so soft and tender. I should like to be the color of the sky at evening."

"Listen," whispered the butterfly, softly because the evening was hushed and still. "I have learned three things to-day, and now you have shown me a fourth. The daisy looks like a star, because she loves the stars and wants to be like them. The buttercup has a cup of gold, because she loves the golden sun

and tries to catch his rays and hold them close in her heart. The forget-me-not is the color of the blue sky, because she loves the sky and thinks it the most beautiful color in the world. And you, dear violet, are like the sky at evening, because you love the sky and wish to be like it."

The violet said to the butterfly, "You have brought me a message that makes me glad. Thank you, dear butterfly. May you, too, have your heart's desire."

Then the butterfly flew away, and all the flowers went to sleep very, very happy.

—*Adapted.*

QUESTIONS

How many flowers did the butterfly visit? Did he make each one happy in a different way?

Have you ever seen a person whom you admired so much that you wish you might be the same sort of person?

Does this story suggest any way to make your wish come true?

HOW EDISON GOT HIS START

It was by a very fortunate accident that Thomas Alva Edison, the electrical magician, got his chance to learn about electricity. He worked as a lad selling newspapers on the railroad trains. One day he saw a little child, son of the station agent, right in the path of a train. Not losing an instant, young Edison jumped and snatched the child out of the way just as the train dashed past. So close was the escape that the wheel of one of the cars grazed Alva's heel. The station agent, to show his gratitude, offered to teach him telegraphy. That was the way Edison began to study electricity.

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN

After you have read this little account of the life of Samuel de Champlain, be prepared to write or tell your class something of each of the topics named below:

1. The reward of faithfulness.
2. The advantages of keeping a diary.
3. Quebec.
4. The battle with the Iroquois Indians and its far-reaching results.
5. Unselfish service.

Far, far away in France, the country of the French, and long, long ago in the sixteenth century a baby boy was born in the small seaport of Brouage. His name was Samuel de Champlain. His mother and father being gentle people, he was taught to read and write, to be courteous and kind and brave. His father was a captain in the royal navy and the boy Samuel soon learned the ways of ships.

France in those days was a very sad country. The people were continually at war with one another over their religion. Instead of the freedom of worship that we have in our country, each man insisted that everyone else should think just as he did. Some were Roman Catholics and were called Leaguers, while others were Protestants and were called Huguenots. These two parties fought each other all over France until the poor country was wet with the blood of its people. The weak king was sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, so that those who wished to serve the king had a hard time to know on which side to stand.

Although a Catholic, Champlain believed he should

first serve his king, and, hard as it often was, he was able to do so all his life. For a time he served in the royal navy with his father. Later he became a soldier and fought bravely in the wars which continued for many years. The king was killed and several other men claimed his throne. The one who had the best right to be king was Henry of Navarre, a brave nobleman who loved his country more than he did himself. His white plume and bright smile were enough to lead his ragged soldiers to one victory after another. Champlain followed him and fought for him until Henry was at last crowned king of France. For Champlain's brave services the king gave him a pension and a place at the court.

It was not long, however, before he tired of life at the court. He gladly accepted an invitation which was to determine the course of his life from then on. For many years French fishermen had been in the habit of visiting the waters around Newfoundland and the mouth of the St. Lawrence river. No fishing grounds were as good as these, and the long and dangerous voyage across the Atlantic Ocean was more than repaid by the rich cargoes of fish with which they returned. A great nobleman of King Henry's court wished to establish near the St. Lawrence river a French colony which would convert the Indians to Christianity. He thought it would also be a profitable trading and fishing post. As a brave gentleman and an experienced sailor, Champlain was asked to be one of the leaders of the expedition. From what we already know of this hardy adventurer we may be sure he was only too glad to go.

He did not know, however, that the rest of his life would be spent in serving the interests of this little colony.

Champlain had one habit which was most fortunate for those who later wished to know about his life. He kept a diary or daily account of what he did. This, together with the drawings with which he illustrated it, is the most valuable record we have of his life and work. To be sure he did not draw well, and these illustrations were so poor that a child might have drawn them. At the same time they picture what he wished to show. His account, though filled with strange stories that no one to-day believes, was believed at that time by intelligent men. When a boy he had studied map making. Besides writing and drawing the story of his adventures, he also made maps and charts of the coasts he visited. These were so carefully done that they represent the best maps of that day and are those from which later and more accurate ones are drawn.

Other members of the company were soon busy establishing trading posts and exchanging blankets and trinkets with the Indians for valuable furs. Champlain, however, with several Indian guides began to explore the St. Lawrence river. He advanced past the rock of Quebec and up the river to the hill which he called "Mount Royal". This is now the Canadian city of Montreal—the French form of the name. Beyond this point the party met the powerful tossing current of the Lachine Rapids. Although Champlain and his men as well as the Indians were skilled canoeists, they were unable to force a way against the swift stream.

Returning to their companions at the mouth of the river, Champlain next heard of a way by water to a great sea. His hopeful fancy at once imagined that its farther shores might be those of Cathay, or India, that far-famed eastern land, a route to which all daring navigators sought. With Indians as guides he pushed his canoe for thirty or forty miles up the beautiful Saguenay river, only to have to turn back at last without having found any sea.

Meanwhile things were going badly in France. The nobleman who first established the colony had died. Champlain, fearing the little band of adventurers would lose the support of those at home, sailed back to France. He found some rich and influential men who promised to help, and the next year he returned to Canada.

Champlain explored the coast from Nova Scotia to Massachusetts. He took notes of all he saw and made maps of the coast line. He again sailed up the St. Lawrence to where the river narrows so that it is less than a mile wide. On a great towering rock which was itself a natural fortress, he began the building of a fort and the establishment of a settlement which was to become the greatest city of New France. The Indians called the spot Quebec which meant in their language a narrow place or strait. This name it still bears as one of the chief cities of Canada after more than three hundred years of history. Few cities of the world have such a magnificent situation, its mighty rock standing like a giant sentinel guarding the stately river flowing at its base. Champlain chose the location wisely, and

although at times it seemed as though the colony would never prosper, at last it grew to be a strong and sturdy town.

He was already on good terms with the Indians who lived around the St. Lawrence. Each year they believed and trusted in him more. Although other white men earned the hatred of the red men by the way they behaved, the savages never ceased to regard Champlain as their friend. To the south of where these Indians lived, in what is now the State of New York, there dwelt the Iroquois, a bold brave nation of warriors, whom all the other Indians greatly feared. Against these Iroquois the northern Indians were preparing an expedition in which Champlain had promised to aid them. Indeed, they depended much upon his help, for it was his armor and his gun which they hoped would win the battle for them. They set out up the St. Lawrence to where a river, the Richelieu, joins it from the south. Along this river they made their way with much difficulty until they finally came to the broad waters of a lake, which has ever since borne the name of Champlain. Here they were met by a strong band of Iroquois. They disembarked from their canoes and each side prepared to fight upon the shore of the lake. The Iroquois were taller, stronger, and much better armed than their enemies. There is not much doubt how the battle would have gone had it not been for Champlain and his two companions all of whom wore armor and carried guns.

Champlain wore the doublet and long stockings worn by soldiers in those days. Over his doublet he buckled

on a breast-plate and back-piece made of thin steel, while his legs were protected by pieces of steel and his head by a plumed casque or helmet. Across his shoulder hung by a strap his bandoleer or ammunition belt. At his side was his sword, and in his hand he carried his arquebus, a short gun with a big barrel from which several bullets could be fired at once. Just as the battle was about to begin and the Indians were yelling at the top of their lungs, Champlain stepped into a place between the shrieking savages. His appearance created a great deal of surprise among the Iroquois who had probably never seen a white man before. Some of them discharged their arrows at him and he in turn aimed his arquebus and fired. Two of their chiefs were killed and a third wounded. Champlain's companions then fired from where they were standing at one side. This was too much for even the brave Iroquois. They took one look at their fallen comrades and then turned and ran. The battle had been won for the Algonquins, as most of Champlain's Indian friends were called. This was the first time that white men had taken sides with one Indian tribe against another, and it was to have a far reaching effect. In all the success which the French were to have in their relations with the Indians, the Iroquois were always their bitter enemies, and in later years this fact did much to lose the continent of North America for France and win it for the English.

Every year Champlain now had to spend at least a part of the time at Paris looking after the affairs of his colony. It grew very slowly and there was much quarrelling. As the winters are very severe in Canada,



THEY TOOK ONE LOOK, TURNED, AND RAN

the colonists had neither proper houses, nor enough fire-wood, nor the right kind of food, nor warm enough clothing. There was a great deal of suffering and each year many died before the warm weather came again. They depended almost entirely upon supplies sent from France, and when these failed to come, they had a miserable time of it. One wonders sometimes why they preferred to face the cold, the hunger, and the danger of this savage land rather than to return to France, a country of smiles and sunshine. This question is answered when we remember that the colonists were of two kinds, traders whose business was to buy furs of the Indians, and missionaries who were ready to endure any hardships to convert the Indians to Christianity. Champlain alone belonged to neither of these groups. He made it his life work from a sense of duty to the colony for which he was so largely responsible.

Samuel de Champlain continued to govern the colony until Christmas day in the year 1635, when he died, twenty-seven years after he had founded Quebec. He was one of the world's great men, courageous and unselfish. He freely gave himself to those who needed his protection. He was at once brave and bold, patient and gentle, and he has richly earned his title of "The Father of New France".

—"Heroes of Early American History,"

by Albert Lindsay Rowland.

Courtesy of The Franklin Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

THE DISCONTENTED CLOUD

All should begin reading at the same moment.

When you have finished, close your book and think the story through. Did you read too fast? Which of the three groups of the class are you in this time?

Once upon a time there floated in the sky a little pink cloud who was discontented. It was strange that it should have been so, for her dress was of the loveliest rosy color, with edges that lifted in the breeze to show a dainty silver lining. She had liked the pretty dress at first, but she was tired of it now; she was tired of everything.

"What's the use?" she said crossly, when her companions asked her to come and play tag with the Miss White Clouds, who twirled their fluffy skirts about in a tantalizing manner. "We never do anything new. We just chase each other 'round the sky all day, and go to bed every night, and chase each other again next day. No, I won't play tag. What's the use?"

"How cross you are!" said the other little cloud. "Well, we can play perfectly well without you." And the happy little cloud floated away, while Miss Rosy Cloud pouted and frowned at a friendly sunbeam who stopped to caress her. The sunbeam was so frightened that he hid out of sight as quickly as possible, and the cross pink cloud was left all alone.

"I wish I was a great, big black stormcloud, so people would notice me; or big and bright like the sun, so people would wish for me on a cloudy day; oh! I wish I was anything but what I am."

A little breeze who was passing by overheard the naughty little cloud talking to herself. He sped quickly to a mist spirit floating above the surface of a river, and whispered the discontented wish that he heard. "She shall have her wish," said the mist spirit.

It was not long until Miss Rosy Cloud discovered that she was feeling not only discontented but gloomy; and looking at her pretty pink dress was dismayed to see that its rosy color had changed to sombre black. She shook herself, wondering if this misfortune were only a dream. But that couldn't be, for in the distance she could see the other pink clouds chasing the fluffy Miss White Clouds, and making those airy maidens blush whenever their pursuers tagged them. It couldn't be a dream. As Rosy Cloud looked at the pink and white dresses whirling about in such a merry game, her ugly black dress looked even blacker to her by contrast.

"Oh, what has happened to me?" she cried, and a great tear fell. "I have lost my lovely pink dress forever! What a naughty little cloud I have been." And the sorrier she felt for being discontented, the faster her tears fell, until they caused quite a shower.

But the strange thing about this fit of crying was the faster the tears fell, the less black and ugly grew Rosy Cloud's dress. Little by little it seemed to be growing pink again. At last, when the forgiving sunbeam stole out of his hiding-place and came and dried Rosy Cloud's eyes with a bit of a rainbow handkerchief, the dress was quite fluffy and rose-colored again.

"Oh," cried the little pink cloud, "I'm so glad to

be myself again! I won't be discontented any more. A pink cloud can have as good a time as anybody, I guess." And she danced off to join the game of tag, which went on merrily until evening, when the Golden Clouds of Sunset, who were the uncles and aunts of the pink and white clouds, came and whisked them all off to bed.

—*Adapted.*

QUESTIONS

Have you ever seen children who acted like these clouds?
Why was the pink cloud discontented?

What did the mist spirit have to do with giving the cloud her wish?

What did the cloud's tears represent?

Why was the sunbeam's handkerchief said to be made of a rainbow?

Have you ever known anyone to be cured of discontent by having a wish granted?

PAPER-MAKING

Can you read this in less than a minute, and be able to tell what you have read? Try it.

Do you know how paper is made? As you look at it would you expect to find it made of rags or grass or wood? Well, most of it is so made. This raw material is sent to the paper mill and ground into very fine particles and mixed with water in great tanks. From these tanks the soup-like mixture is drawn off and spread to dry in great sheets that seem never-ending. These sheets must then be finished into the various kinds and grades of paper that we find so useful in many ways.

LITTLE PLAYS

Here are ten more scenes to be acted as you did those on page 25 and page 114. Remember, no one but yourself is to know which part you take. Do not fail in your acting to do all that the scene calls for. The more completely you act your part the better it will be.

1. The old man hobbled painfully across the street with the aid of a heavy cane.

2. The alert chauffeur closed the door with a snap and sprang smartly to the wheel of the powerful car.

3. At the sound of the giant's approaching footsteps the giant's wife pushed Jack into a closet where he remained trembling as the giant entered the room.

4. The policeman was walking leisurely down the street when suddenly he caught sight of the thief disappearing in the window. Instantly he broke into a run drawing his revolver as he went.

5. As the ball crossed the goal line Ted snatched his hat from his head and waving it wildly in the air yelled for joy.

6. Silently and with infinite care the scout moved forward until he was able to observe the enemy through a thin screen of leaves.

7. Helen must have passed the door half a dozen times before she found the courage to mount the steps and ring the bell.

8. Queen Elizabeth, after a moment's hesitation, smiled graciously at Sir Walter Raleigh and stepped daintily upon the velvet cloak.

9. The huge animal, blind with rage, was within a few yards of where the hunter crouched. It was a

time to try the courage of the bravest man. Nimrod, however, was as motionless as the tree at his shoulder except for his finger which crept around the trigger of his gun. When he could almost feel the heavy breath on his face he fired both barrels full in the brute's face.

10. Jane put on her overshoes, her green coat and black sailor hat. Then taking a last look in her pocket-book to be sure that her money was there, she dropped it in her market basket and was off.

BED IN SUMMER

Have you ever had the experience of the child in this poem?

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

FINDING TREASURE

An old Chinaman used to worship daily in the temple of a goddess. One morning a beautiful woman, dressed in a yellow robe like the sunshine, came into his little house.

"Who are you, beautiful lady, and what do you wish?" asked the old Chinaman.

"I am the goddess whom you have worshipped," she answered. "For years I have seen your faithfulness toward me, and I am come to reward you. Do you know the language of the ants?"

"Honorable lady," he said, "I am poor and unlearned, and cannot even talk the language of well-taught men, let alone the tongue of the six-legged ants."

The goddess smiled, and drew from her bosom a box of sweet ointment, of which she placed a little on the tip of each of his ears. "Go now," she said, "to the home of the ants. Stoop and listen."

The old man went out of his house, and knelt down beside an anthill near the door. Immediately he heard the voices of the ants inside. "Let us move to a warmer place," one ant was saying to his friend.

"Why?" asked the other ant.

"Because it is too cold and damp here; there is a heap of gold in the ground, and it prevents the heat of the sun from striking down into our dwellings."

The ants went away; but the old Chinaman ran for a spade, and began to dig in the earth around the anthill. Soon his spade hit something hard. Hastily

ne pushed away the earth with his hands from around the hard object, and found it to be a jar, which, when he opened it, he found to be full of gold. He was delighted with his good fortune. But next day, when he went to another anthill and listened with his ear to the ground, hoping to hear of another pot of treasure, he heard no voices at all, though he could see the little ants going busily to and fro. The charm given him by the goddess was only for a single day.

There are treasures in the earth, however, and on the earth, and around the earth, that can be found without any magic charm, not only on some one day but on every day of our lives. If people have two listening ears, they may hear voices everywhere telling where to find these treasures. These are the voices of Nature, telling of treasures among plants and animals, among rocks and stars. And if boys and girls have two wide-open eyes, they may find these treasures and put them safely away in the treasure bags of memory. Sometimes the eye of the mind, able to see things that the eyes of the body have never looked at—the eye which we call *imagination*—helps us to stow away treasure, as we hear or read of the secrets of nature.

As soon as you have seen or know anything about the ways of a certain animal or plant, you may put its name into your treasure bag. See how many of these animals you have in yours: the whale, the seal, the shark, the cod, the mackerel, the oyster, the turtle, the crab, the snake, the frog, the lion, the tiger, the leopard, the wolf, the bear, the camel, the deer, the

sheep, the goat, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the giraffe, the horse, the buffalo, the squirrel, the cow, the eagle, the vulture, the ostrich, the peacock, the lark, the thrush, the robin, the owl, the bee, the ant, the butterfly, the spider. Is your animal treasure bag heavy, or is it light?

Which of these animals do you know about by having actually seen them? Which ones have you read about or seen pictures of?

Which of these animals live in the water? Which ones on land? Which ones in the air? Which ones are wild animals?

Now let us look at your plant treasure bag. Can you find in it these names?—the oak, the elm, the pine, the cedar, the fir, the india-rubber tree, the tea, the coffee, the cotton, the flax, the apple, the orange, the melon, the pumpkin, the corn, the grapevine, the cherry, the bread-fruit, the date, the cocoanut, the rose, the lily, the chrysanthemum, the dahlia, the daisy, the tulip, the violet, the shamrock, the thistle, the holly, the blackberry, the goldenrod. Is your plant treasure bag heavy, or is it light?

Which of these plants have you seen growing? Which ones have you read about or seen in pictures?

Which of the names mean fruit-bearing plants? Which ones mean flowers? Which ones give us something useful that is not food?

How heavy is your treasure bag of minerals? Can you find there the granite, the marble, the limestone, the chalk, the clay, the gravel, the slate, the iron, the lead, the tin, the gold, the silver, the copper, the

diamond, the ruby, the sapphire, the moonstone, the emerald, and the platinum?

Can you tell one way in which you have seen each of these minerals used? For instance, you know that your pencil is made of lead, and that you write on the blackboard with chalk. What have you seen the other things used for?

Some people never put anything into their bags. The treasures are all around them, but they do not see. The secrets are whispered to them, but they do not hear. They are like the old Chinaman after he had lost the charm which the goddess gave him.

—Adapted from “Conduct Stories”, by F. J. Gould.

QUESTIONS

Part of this story is true and part of it is not. Can you point out the words with which the true part begins?

Shakespeare, the greatest writer of plays who ever lived, said that we can find

“tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

After reading this story, can you tell what Shakespeare’s words mean? It will be worth while for you to learn them by heart.

Find in the story the meaning of the word *imagination*.

A MOTHER GOOSE PROBLEM

Jack Sprat could eat no fat
His wife could eat no lean,
So between them both
They licked the platter clean.

If Jack Spratt and his wife liked the same kind of food, write the word *fat* on your tablet; if not, write the word *lean*.

THE SPIDER AND THE LION

Here is another story that you can read rapidly. You should all begin to read at the same moment. Your teacher will tell you whether she thinks you are gaining in the power of reading quickly and accurately.

Gizo the Spider went out to fish one day. He was very hungry indeed, for he had not caught anything for three days. But this day he was very fortunate, for he caught many fish—gargaza fish and kulume fish and elephant-of-the-water fish; and these are all big fishes and very good to eat. Then the Spider said: “I will fish no more to-day, for I am very hungry. I will light a fire and fry my fish.”

So he lit a fire and began to fry his fish, and they made a delicious smell, so that you could smell them frying far away. Then Zaki the Lion smelt them, and came to see who was frying such delicious fish. And when he saw the Spider he called out: “Gizo, what are you doing?”

“I am frying fish,” Gizo replied.

“Give me one, for I am hungry,” said Zaki.

Now Gizo was very hungry, and he did not want to give away the fish he had caught. But he dared not offend the Lion. So he gave him the smallest gargaza fish.

The Lion swallowed it down and found it very good. He licked his lips, and said quickly: “Now give me another”.

Then Gizo gave him the kulume fish, and Zaki swallowed the kulume fish, and found it sweeter than

the gargaza; and he licked his lips, and said: "Now give me another".

Then Gizo gave him an elephant-of-the-water fish, and Zaki swallowed it and found it sweetest of all. And he licked his lips, and said to the Spider: "Now give me all the rest".

And the Spider did not dare to refuse the Lion, so he gave him all the rest. But he was so hungry that the tears came into his eyes. And the Lion saw him crying, and said fiercely: "Gizo, you are crying. Are you unwilling to give me the fish?"

And poor Gizo was so afraid of the Lion that he did not dare to say he was unwilling, lest Zaki should be offended. So he said: "Oh no, Zaki, I am not crying. It is the smoke of the fire that gets in my eyes."

Now while the Lion was eating the fish, and the Spider was weeping because he was hungry, the Bush-fowl came along, strutting and showing off her spotted plumage, and crying, "Kuker, Kuker!" And the cunning Spider said: "Vain creature! Just look at her showing off her airs before me! She does not even greet me. And yet it was I who gave her her beautiful spotted feathers!"

Now Zaki the Lion was very foolish and very vain. He believed the Spider had really given the Bush-fowl her spotted feathers, and he longed to have a gay coat like hers.

He said: "Gizo, did you really make her beautiful spotted feathers?"

And Gizo said: "Yes, I made them for her".

Then Zaki said: "O Gizo, won't you make me a spotted coat too?"

Gizo said: "Oh yes, Zaki, I will do that for you. But it will be difficult, and I need a lot of things."

"What do you need?" cried Zaki.

"First of all, I need the skin of a bush-cow."

"Well, that is easy enough," said the Lion, and he ran off to the bush and found a big bush-cow, and killed it and dragged it to the Spider. And Gizo skinned it, and cut the skin in long thin strips.

"Now make my coat spotted like the Bush-fowl," said Zaki.

"I can't do that till I find a kazaura-tree," said the Spider.

"I'll find a kazaura-tree," said the Lion.

"Very well," said Gizo, "but it must be a big strong one. Hit it with your chest, and if it moves, it won't do. But where you find one that doesn't move when you hit it with your chest, come and tell me."

So Zaki ran into the bush, and whenever he saw a kazaura-tree, he sprang at it and beat against it, and when it moved he went on. At last he found a huge kazaura-tree, which did not stir when he had run against it. And he came back and called the Spider.

Then Gizo said: "Now we must kindle a fire and make a rack, and put the meat of the bush-cow on it".

And Zaki broke sticks and kindled a fire, and made a rack and put the meat on it.

Then Gizo said: "Zaki must lie down close to the kazaura-tree". And Zaki came and lay down at the foot of the tree.

"Now," said Gizo, "I must tie you up". And he began to tie him up to the tree with the strips of bush-cow hide. He tied him up every way, and he kept saying: "Zaki, is there anywhere I have not tied you? Can you move?"

Then Zaki squirmed about, and said: "Here is a place you have not tied up".

Then Gizo tied him with more strips, and said: "Zaki, can you move?"

And at last Zaki could not move at all.

Then Gizo took a skewer and put it into the fire until it was red-hot.

And Zaki said: "Gizo, what are you doing?"

And Gizo said: "I am going to make you a spotted coat".

When the skewer was hot he took it out and burnt little spots all over the Lion's skin. The hair was burnt off the little spots, and it hurt the Lion, and he began to roar and say: "Gizo, unfasten me and let me go".

But Gizo kept on making burnt spots and saying, "Chuiwi! There's a spot for my gargaza fish you ate! Amivai! that's for my kulume fish you ate! Amivai! That's for my elephant-of-the-water fish you ate!" till the Lion's skin was all over spots. Then the Spider called his wife and children, and they carried off all the meat of the bush-cow, and left the Lion tied up under the tree. But while the Lion was calling to the Spider to come back and let him free, Gara the White Ant came running along, and she stopped and looked at the Lion, and said: "I could set you free, Zaki, but I am afraid you would kill me".

But the Lion said: "No, indeed, Gara; I will give you a bush-cow if you set me free".

Then Gara began to gnaw the strips of hide, and she gnawed till they broke through, and the Lion was free; and he went rushing off to revenge himself on Gizo the Spider, and did not even stop to thank Gara, or give her the bush-cow he had promised. And all day he hunted for Gizo, but did not find him, for Gizo heard that the Lion was free and had hidden himself.

And Zaki hunted for Gizo all night, and in the morning he saw a very thin bush-buck far off, and he called out to him: "Bush-buck, where are you going? Have you seen Gizo the Spider?"

Now this was not really a bush-buck at all, but Gizo in the skin of a bush-buck. And he answered with a bush-buck's voice: "No, I have not seen the Spider, and I hope I may never see that evil-headed person! Who is so foolish as to seek out Gizo the Spider?"

Then Zaki said: "I seek Gizo the Spider. Why should I not do so?"

And the Bush-buck sobbed and said: "Oh, he is doing so much evil in the bush. Don't you see how thin and ill I am? I quarreled with Gizo, and he is a wizard. He pointed his finger at me, and I wasted away. He did not strike me. He only pointed. Whoever offends Gizo the Spider comes off badly. Gizo only points his finger at them, nothing more, and at once they fall sick and waste away as I have done."

Then Zaki was terrified, and said: "I implore you,

Bush-buck, if you see Gizo, do not tell him i was looking for him”.

And the Bush-buck said: “I promise you I will not tell him”.

So Zaki ran off to hide himself in the bush. But when Zaki was gone, Gizo threw off the bush-buck skin and came out and ran after the Lion, shouting very loudly: “Where is Zaki the Lion? I have heard he is looking for me. Does he wish to quarrel with me? Only let me see him!”

But when he overtook Zaki, the Lion, shaking with terror, bowed down to the ground and said: “Oh no, Gizo, I am not looking for you. I would not think of looking for you. I do not wish to quarrel with you. I am very sorry indeed I ate all your fish.”

And the Spider said: “Very well. But if I find you following me to-morrow, you will see trouble. But if you go quietly away, I will forgive you. You despised me once, and now you are afraid of me!”

Then Zaki the Lion went off home, and never again meddled with Gizo the Spider.

—From “*Animal Tales from Africa*”,
by J. E. Macnair.

This would be a good story to play. Who could be Zaki, the great, foolish Lion? And who could be the cunning little Gizo? Some one must play the Bush-fowl who came along strutting so proudly showing off her beautiful spotted feathers. Perhaps some one would like to be Gara, the tiny White Ant who set Zaki free. Look about the room to see what you could use for the bush-cow’s skin that Gizo crept into to fool the Lion, and for any other thing that you would need to play the story.

COMPARISONS

This drill will show you how well you can follow printed directions, and will help you to be careful in observing and using words. Follow each direction very carefully.

1. Arrange your paper with your name on the first line and your grade on the second line. Then beginning on the fourth line, write in the margin the figures 1 to 10.

2. Below are ten sets of words. In each set the first word in small capitals is followed by four other words. One of these four words is just opposite in meaning to the first word. Look at the first set. HIGH is the first word. Now read the four words that follow it (sky, low, above, deep). Which of these words means just the opposite to HIGH? LOW of course is the word. Write these two words with opposite meanings after figure 1 on your paper, as follows:

1. HIGH—LOW

3. Pick out the words in the second set that have opposite meanings, and write them after figure 2 as follows:

2. GREAT—SMALL

4. Now finish the exercise by picking out the two words in each remaining set, and writing them after the proper figure on your paper. When you finish, wait quietly for the others.

1. HIGH (sky, low, above, deep).
2. GREAT (less, large, small, beautiful).
3. COLD (ice, hot, warmer, water).
4. START (stop, go, wind, quickly).
5. WHITE (dark, light, black, paper).
6. FORWARD (march, soldiers, backward, down).
7. OPEN (lock, door, escape, shut).
8. RICH (money, proud, cottage, poor).
9. SOFT (gentle, hard, firm, easy).
10. TOP (bottom, high, over, hill).

HOW THE WORLD CAME TO AN END

This is a fable which comes from far-away India; one of the stories that the little Hindu children are told by their mothers. Try to see, as you read, whether it is simply a story told to amuse the children, or whether it contains a useful idea as well.

You will notice that the animals and plants in the story are the kind which live in India.

"Oh," groaned the hare that lay under the palm tree; "oh, dear! if the world came to an end whatever should I do?"

Now the palm tree, being young, had not grown very tall. Over the palm there rose up a high fruit tree called by the Indians a vilva tree; and the vilva fruit is heavy and soft. Just as the hare spoke, a vilva fruit fell on a broad palm leaf. Smack! At the sound of the fruit falling on the leaf close beside him the hare sprang up in great dread.

"Just as I feared!" he cried. "The earth is going to pieces!" And off he rushed in the hope of getting somewhere out of the ruin of the world. Very soon he met another hare.

"What is the matter that you are running so fast?"

"I can't stop! The world is coming to an end."

The second hare joined the first, and they both fled like mad. A third asked a like question, heard the answer, and joined the first two. Then they were met by a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, who all followed; and so on, until a hundred thousand hares were all racing away from the poor old earth, because the world was going to end. Hares, of course, are very quick to believe all they are told, and to pass the news on to one another.

A deer who was passing saw the great crowd of hares. "What's the matter?" he called to them.

"We can't stop! The world has come to the crack of doom."

"Oh, horror! You don't say so!" And the terrified deer trotted after the hares.

A wild boar was the next to ask and to join the army of trotters. Next came an elk, a buffalo, a wild ox, a rhinoceros, a tiger, and an elephant. The troop of animals rushing along to get away before the world came to an end stretched three miles in length, from the hare in front to the elephant in the rear. It was a grand sight to laugh at.

A lion saw the rout and was eager to know the cause. He gave three loud roars, and all the runners halted, trembling. "The world is coming to an end, sir!" they cried all together.

"Who saw it coming to an end?"

"The elephant."

"Speak, Elephant."

"I don't know anything about it, Sir Lion. The tiger told me."

"Speak, Tiger."

"I don't know anything. The rhinoceros told me."

"Speak, Rhinoceros."

"The wild ox told me."

So each animal pointed to another as the one who told him, and the lion, who was their ruler, kept on asking until at last he came to hare number one.

"Did you see the earth going to pieces?" the lion asked.

"Yes, sir. As I lay under a palm tree by the sea, I heard a fearful plop! and I just escaped with my life."

"My friends," said the lion, turning to the host of animals, "I ask that you will place the matter in my paws, while I try to get at the facts. Please stay here, and I will go with my friend the hare and make inquiries on the spot."

Bidding the little hare jump on his broad back, the king of beasts set off at a quick pace, and reached the grove of trees by the shore of the Indian sea.

"Where is the spot where the earth began to go to pieces?"

"Oh, sir, I dare not go too near. It is over by that vilva tree."

The lion went to the palm tree, and looked carefully about. There was no crack in the ground; none of the trees seemed to be fallen or broken; indeed, there was nothing at all unusual. But on a large palm leaf lay a broken vilva fruit, its juice still dripping.

"Aha!" said the lion to himself. "I can see what the fearful noise was." And he ordered the hare to mount again on his back, and galloped off.

The multitude of beasts were anxiously awaiting the news. The lion said not a word till he stood in the midst of them, and all the four-footed people made a great silence.

"You need not worry any more," said their king. "The earth is quite safe. It was only a vilva fruit that came down plump! on a palm leaf. Our friend the hare was hasty. He jumped at a conclusion, and ran away from the conclusion, and you all followed him."

So the animals all scattered, each one to his own place; and the hare, feeling rather ashamed, went back to lie under the palm tree by the shore of the sea.

—From “*Conduct Stories*”,
by F. J. Gould.

QUESTIONS

There are many people in the world who worry. Which animal in the story was like such people?

Three other things are done by all the animals in the story, except the lion, which you and I often do. What are they?

How was the lion different from the other animals?

What is meant by “jumping at a conclusion”?

CORRECTING LISTS

Arrange your papers in the usual way. Now look at the first list of words at the bottom of the page. What kind of list is it? It is a list of vegetables, is it not? Read it again. Are all the words in the list names of vegetables? Do you think *hoe* belongs in the list? No, neither does anyone else.

In each list at the bottom of the page there is a word that should not be there. You are going to find those words. *Hoe* was the word that should not have been in the first list. Write this word on your paper after the figure 1.

Read the next list, and after the figure 2 write the word that does not belong in the second list. Do the same with the other lists. When you finish, wait quietly for the others.

1	2	3	4	5	6
carrot	lion	book	Europe	first	hammer
potato	tiger	ruler	John	second	doll
hoe	zebra	gun	William	third	plane
beet	cage	pencil	Fred	fourth	saw
bean	leopard	pen	Henry	biggest	nail

THE LITTLE MAID OF NORWAY

The fairy books are full of queens and princesses who lead the most wonderfully happy lives, with every wish of their hearts satisfied. But queens and princesses in real life have not always been happy. Here is a story about a real princess which will make you feel glad you are an ordinary twentieth century boy or girl.

Hundreds and hundreds of years ago, across the stormy waters of the cold North Sea, a vessel plunged along. It was not such a ship as we see nowadays, for it was built of oak, painted and gilded, with a high brazen prow and silken sails adorned with rich embroidery. On one part of the deck, above a silken canopy floated rich banners, embroidered with lions and crosses and golden crowns, all signs of royalty. Under the canopy, on a couch of down lay a pale-faced little girl seven years old, covered with a rich mantle of purple silk in which was woven a wreath of Scotch thistles surrounding a royal crown.

This fragile little girl, who lay listening to the playing of the musicians near her, seemed very young to be a queen. Yet she was queen of Scotland, heiress to the throne of Norway, and likely to marry some day the heir to the throne of England. She was journeying now across the bleak sea to her Scotch kingdom, away from the tall dark mountains and clear shining waters of her homeland, Norway. The little girl was just as homesick as any other child would have been. For she loved her homeland, with its rugged cliffs and dark pine forests and tales of valiant heroes who were her forefathers. She had never thought anything

about being a queen until one day a foreign ship anchored in the bay of Drontheim, where her father's palace was, and a crowd of richly dressed foreign noblemen came into the palace and, bowing low to little Margaret, hailed her as their queen.

They were Scotch noblemen, and they had come with the news that her grandfather, the good king of Scotland, had been thrown from his horse and killed, leaving Margaret, whose dead mother had been his only daughter, as the sole heir to his throne. These noblemen had come to offer her their loyalty, and to take her home to Scotland as their queen.

"I don't want to be a queen," cried the girl princess, "and I don't want to go to Scotland. I would much rather stay here among my father's people," and she wept at the thought of parting with her father and her friends.

But kings and queens, though they seem so great and powerful, have to obey laws as well as humbler people, and King Eric himself, dearly as he loved his wee, golden-haired, motherless girl, decided that the claims of the Scots were better than his own. So, accompanied by her lady nurse, Ragnhild, and a few of her old servants, Princess Margaret was conducted to the grand vessel, and sailed away.

There was joy and gladness all around, but the heart of the little queen was sad. Long she sat on deck looking back upon the dark fir forests and the hills of deep red stone of her native land. The eider ducks flew up around the vessel, and with the sound of the waves and the fluttering of the wild fowl for

accompaniment Ragnhild sang verses of the old Norse songs; when the nurse was tired, then the musicians played. But the pretty child, with her dreamy eyes and the golden hair, tossed over her face by the freshening wind, only sighed, and at last buried her sad eyes in her nurse's lap.

Then the captain of the vessel, who was a great and powerful Scottish lord, came and stood before the queen. He was very tall and grand-looking, with a long, sweeping white beard, piercing blue eyes, and a very wise and intelligent countenance.

"Why should my queen be sad," he said, "when she is going to such a pleasant land where all hearts will love her? Be of good cheer. It is thy mother's land where she roamed a bonnie lassie, and the hills are bright with heather, and the little burns flow musically as a harper's note."

"But your thistles prick my hands," said the girl queen. "They are like sharp needles."

The great noble smiled as he answered, "Sweet child, they wound only our enemies. See, the thistle's heart is soft as eider down that the mother bird plucks from her own breast to line the nest of her little ones. Yet it did good service once for your mother's people. One night, so long ago that your grandfather was not born, the Danes were stealing upon our camp. Our watchmen were asleep, and nothing seemed to stand between us and destruction. But one little, silent sentinel was doing duty. When near the camp, one of the invaders chanced to place his naked foot upon a huge thistle. His loud outcry aroused our soldiers,

who sprang to their arms in time to drive back the foe. Ever since then the banner of our nation has borne a thistle in its folds. You do not fear it now?"

He spoke so kindly and so cheerily that the child's sad face brightened and for a day or two her pale cheeks seemed to grow flushed with the rough kiss of the sea breeze. Once she even clapped her hands to see the dolphins sporting around the vessel, tumbling and leaping, their shining scales glittering in the sunlight.

But as the days fled on, her delicate cheek lost its rose, and the little frame seemed to grow slighter and thinner. Often was the great noble, Sir Michael Scott, seen looking at her and shaking his ancient gray head. To the rough sailors he would then speak. "Row on more swiftly, and let the sails drink in all the wind. Scotland anxiously awaits her queen."

By and by a storm came, such a storm as often sweeps over the North Sea. The sea rolled heavily, and the cordage creaked and the masts bent before the tempest. The little queen grew faint and sick. The grim captain and all the attendants gathered around and spoke cheering words, but they could not calm the child.

"Oh carry me home," she murmured, "home among the pines and the waterfalls of my fatherland". And as she wailed and trembled, a faint streak of blood tinged her lips.

Sir Michael Scott's stout heart failed him. "If we reach land we may save her," he said to the crew. "Steer to the nearest port."

When the sun rose again the green hills and jagged cliffs of the Orkneys appeared in view. The great vessel swept up into a quiet harbor, a boat was lowered, soft mantles and rich banners were thrown into it, and carefully the royal child was rowed ashore.

"You will be better now," said the anxious nurse. "We shall soon be on land again, and it is like your own Norway. See, there are the very same eider fowl waiting for us on the rocks. Cheer up! Cheer up, my queen."

But the girl queen only stretched her feeble hands toward the wild, northern, surf-beaten land and smiled. She could not speak. When the boat touched the shore and the sailors sprang upon the land, she still lay upon the nurse's breast, with closed eyes and that same pleasant smile. Margaret, the Maid of Norway, was dead.

It is a sad old story, is it not? But it shows us what a long way the world has travelled from the days when such things could happen. Nowadays there are not many kings and queens left, and the ones that still continue to be kings and queens have grown so sensible that they train their royal children very much in the way that ordinary boys and girls are trained. Nowadays, no such tragedy could happen as that of little Margaret of Norway.

QUESTIONS

1. Make a list of little Margaret's titles.
2. Why did Margaret's father let her sail away for Scotland?
3. Why do you like the old Scottish captain?
4. Why did he tell her that Scotland is like Norway?

KEEPING THE DOCTOR AWAY

A doctor is a very comforting person, with his hearty voice and cheery smile and knowledge of just what is best to do when someone is ill and his help has been called for. But even though you like him, you would much rather not send for him; for you would much rather not be ill. Some of the parts of your body can tell you, if you ask them, the things you may do to help keep the doctor away. Let us ask some questions and find out these things.

Here, first of all, are the Bones. "What do you want most, Bones?"

"I," said the Backbone, "want to lie straight on a spring mattress at night, where I can relax and get rid of all the kinks".

"And we," said the Legs and Arms, "want food of a kind to make us grow hard and straight".

"How about you, Skin, Hair, and Nails?"

"I," replied the Skin, "love soap and water, and delight in being washed and rubbed with a towel till my pores are open. Water feels delicious."

"I haven't much to ask," said the Hair. "If you can please remember, I do appreciate the use of a nice stiff brush every morning and evening, and soapy water occasionally. By the way, I'm related to the plants, and so if you want me to grow well you must cut me down occasionally. Some little girls," she went on in a whisper, "let me get tangled, and then rake at me crossly with a comb. Please ask them to comb me out a few strands at a time."

"I," said a Finger Nail, pouring out his words in a hurry, "can't stand knocking, pinching, squeezing, or, above all, biting. I hate to grow long, and I am very much ashamed to have dirt on my white collar."

Next a whole family came trooping up, led by the Stomach, who acted as spokesman. "We are the family called Digestive Organs," he began. "We are not ornamental like the Hair and the Skin, but you know that if we stopped work you could not possibly live. What we all want," he continued severely, "is enough nourishing food and drink at regular intervals, with a good rest between. My chemical laboratory does very speedy work, but sometimes you hurry things too fast for me, swallowing them almost whole; and sometimes I'm sick of cakes and candy and other sweets."

This cross member was not quite through when the two Lungs came up, panting. "As I am the bigger, I speak for both," said the Right Lung. "You are unkind to us, especially at night. You don't seem to understand that we are eager for fresh air—always, day and night. Look at me! Did you ever see such a pale pink, flabby, dull-looking sponge of a Lung? That's because you don't give me air enough. And sometimes you cramp us all up leaning over desks or books or sewing."

The Eye at this moment gave an appealing glance, and said, "I'm afraid you don't value me, for you will read small print in a bad light. And if I look at a page for hours, or even do much fine needlework, I lose the power to see long distances. If you don't

be merciful and rest me, I shall become snort-sighted and you'll have to get me glasses."

Then came the Voice-box, or larynx, asking not to be overstrained. "And do remember that I like to say pleasant, true, wise, kind, and funny things, but cross, ill-tempered things ruin my vocal cords. And angry things! Why, they make me positively shrill and hoarse."

Then the Brain came forward, leading a crowd of little nerves. "There is so much that I want to say that I must ask you to give me plenty of time. My house is full of rooms where I store away facts of all sorts. And I want you to be sure to put everything in its place, and not just throw the facts you learn into any place at all in any room at all, so that the precious knowledge will be jumbled together. And I am very particular that the facts you bring me shall be true, and I am really pleased when they have a useful purpose. Besides, I am very greedy for good things with which to fill my house. It is embarrassing to have someone ask me for the correct spelling of a word, or the right way to do an example in arithmetic, or a simple fact in geography or history, and to find that I haven't any of them put away in my storerooms. And, mind you, I don't like all my furniture to be of the same sort. I want something amusing to laugh at now and then, and often something beautiful to give me pleasure. And you must not make me work all the time any more than the eyes, for I get very tired, and I might even break down completely."

The Brain has certainly had a great deal to say;

his statement of his needs has been so long that all the other parts of the body, instead of listening to him, have gone back to work. There is nothing for you, the master or mistress of them all, to do but to try to put into practice all the things that these useful, faithful servants of yours have told you.

—Adapted from *“Talks with Children about Themselves”*,
by Amy B. Barnard.

QUESTIONS

Did any part of your body ask for anything that you have not been in the habit of doing for it?

Do you remember ever doing any of the things that these parts of the body complained of?

A LITTLE NURSE

Florence Nightingale, the brave Englishwoman who was the first army nurse in time of war, showed as a child her love of helping the sick and suffering. One day she found that Cap, a dog belonging to an old shepherd in the neighborhood, had had his leg broken, as she thought, by some cruel boys who had stoned him. Old Roger was sure that the dog was past helping, but Florence found that the leg was not broken, and that with careful nursing it might get well. So Florence wrung out cloths in hot water and put them on the injured leg. The dog lay quite still and watched her gratefully. At evening when old Roger came the swelling had gone down,

“Why, miss”, said Roger, “you’ve worked a wonder. I never thought to see the old dog greet me again.”

ARE YOU QUICK TO UNDERSTAND?

Arrange your paper with your name, grade, etc., in the usual way. Beginning with the third, number the lines from 1 to 6.

This is an exercise to test your understanding of what you read. Perform each problem as rapidly as possible but also very carefully. You will be marked for both speed and correctness.

1. The river in front of my house is blocked with ice in winter, but in the summer it flows freely by. As I look out of my window I see boys walking on the river.

If it is summer draw a tree on the first line. If it is winter write the word *ice* there.

2. Different things feel differently.

If mud is softer than stone, write *one* on the second line. If not, write *two* there.

3. I am younger than William and he is younger than Mary. Am I older than Mary?

Write your answer on the third line.

4. Here are a circle and a square.

If the square is smaller than the circle, put the letter A on the fourth line; but if the circle is smaller than the square, put the letter B there.



5. Below are the names of five things. Draw a picture on the fifth line of each thing which mother uses in the kitchen.

rake spoon plow spade fork

6. There was an old woman who lived in a shoe

She had so many children she knew not what to do.

If you think the old woman was lonely, draw a shoe on the sixth line, but if not, put nothing there.

THE THREE SWORDS

Once there was a smith who had a son who was good-natured and willing, and besides was extraordinarily strong; but he had such a big appetite that his father finally saw that he could not feed him any longer. So the smith went to the king's palace and asked the chief cook if he did not want a young fellow to help him in the kitchen. "Yes," answered the cook, "I need him badly right now. Send him here; the sooner the better." This made the smith glad, and he thought to himself that when his son was once at the king's palace he could eat as much as he wanted. When he got home he told the boy how his errand had turned out.

When the young man heard this news he said: "Father, I want you to forge me three swords: one which weighs three stone, one which weighs six stone, and one which weighs twelve stone. Besides that you are to get me three linen cloaks, one for each sword. Do just as I ask you, and I will win such means that you will never again have to ~~forge~~ for a living."

The poor smith had a great deal of anxiety as to whether he could get together so much iron and steel as the three swords would take, but did not dare to set himself against his son. So everything was made ready according to the boy's wishes, but the third sword weighed no more than eleven stone, because one stone was melted away in the furnace. At this the young man was angry, and said: "If you were not my father, which you are, I would make you try your own handi-

work yourself, because now it is not sure whether I can do anything with it". When the smith saw how angry his son was he was afraid and kept quiet. Nevertheless, he thought to himself that the sword would be heavy enough for the boy to handle, even if he was very strong, because he knew how much trouble he had in handling it on the anvil. So the boy took the three swords and the three linen cloaks and hid them under a grave-stone. Then he went to the palace with his father, and served under the cook, as had been arranged.

It happened that the king who ruled over the country was away at war, and while he was at sea a great storm arose, so that all thought the ship would sink with every soul on board. But the bad weather was in control of three sea goblins, and they would not let the king land until he had promised to give them his three beautiful daughters.

Now, when the king got home he sent a herald around to announce that if there was a man who would risk his life as a champion against the goblins and rescue the three princesses, he would receive one of them as his wife and become king over half the realm. But no champion was brave enough to dare to fight with the terrible sea goblins except one single tailor, who claimed that he was very brave, and promised to do whatever he could.

And now, when the time drew near for the king's daughters to be delivered to the sea goblins, general anxiety and lamentations grew up throughout the whole kingdom; but most anxious of all were the king and

his wife, the queen. The eldest princess was accordingly led out in state to the sea, and all the people followed her at some distance, and when she came to the beach she sat down on the white sand, dropped her head in her hands, and shed many tears. But the manly tailor forgot his big words, and climbed up a pine tree which was growing at that place, and all the people drew back out of sight of the princess.

Meantime the boy went to his master, the cook, and asked permission to go into the city and have a good time. The cook granted his request, but asked him not to be away very long. Straight home went the boy, took the sword which weighed three stone, put on the linen cloak over his clothes, called his dog, and went down the road to the beach. When he got to the place where the king's daughter was sitting he went up to her, addressed her politely, and asked: "Why are you sitting here, fair lady, so lonely and sad?"

The princess answered: "I have good reason to be sad. My father was in trouble at sea, and promised me to a fierce sea goblin. I am afraid that he is coming soon to take poor me away."

"Is there no champion in your father's kingdom to save your life?" asked the boy.

"Yes," replied the princess. "Up there in that tree sits a tailor. He promised to do what he could."

When the boy looked around and saw the tailor sitting up high on the top of the tree, he laughed and said: "Young lady, do not put your trust in such a champion. If you are willing to stroke my head for a



HE LAID HIS HEAD IN THE GIRL'S LAP

while, I will save your life." This seemed to the king's daughter to be a bold wish; but in her great anxiety she did not dare to refuse it. So the boy said to his dog: "Good Fido, sit faithfully on watch!" Then he laid his head in the girl's lap, and she stroked it, while the tailor sat up in the tree and looked on. But the king's daughter pulled a red silk thread out of her dress and wove it into the boy's long hair without his noticing it.

At this moment there came a mighty noise and turmoil out of the sea, the waves leaped up high, and from the depths came a terrible sea goblin with three heads. The goblin had a dog with him, and it was as big as a yearling calf. In a terrible voice the goblin cried: "Where is the king's daughter who was promised to me?"

"Here she is," answered the boy; "but kindly come closer, so that we can talk to each other".

The goblin said: "Do you want to jest with me, little man?"

"No," answered the boy. "I have come here to fight with you for the princess."

"All right," replied the goblin; "but first let us make our dogs fight together".

"I'm agreed to that," said the young fellow.

So the boy and the sea goblin urged their dogs into a fight, and a great biting match took place between them. But the game ended by the little Fido, the boy's dog, biting the goblin's dog in the neck, so that its blood flowed and the sea dog fell dead on the sand.

Then said the boy: "You see how your dog has

been killed, and the same thing will happen to you". With that he went at the goblin, drew his sword that weighed three stone, swung it, and all three of the goblin's heads fell into the sea. That was the sea goblin's death stroke.

When the young lady saw this she cried out in great joy: "Now I am freed!" She begged the strange champion to follow her home to the palace and receive the just honor and reward for his great service. But the boy declined this, and said that his assistance was a little thing and not worth talking about. He took several pearls and pieces of jewelry which the sea goblin had brought, said "good-bye" politely to the king's daughter, and went quickly on his way.

While all this was going on the brave tailor sat in the tree, and awaited the result of the battle in great fear. But now, when the danger was over, he climbed down quickly, drew his sword, and forced the king's daughter to swear that she would say that he and no other had freed her. Then they went back to the palace together, and you can well imagine what rejoicing there was when the princess came back unharmed. The king had a great banquet prepared, and he placed the tailor on his right-hand side, so that the tailor was taken for the greatest champion in the whole country.

Next day the second princess was to be conducted to the sea goblin, and thereupon arose the same grief as before. But since the tailor had freed the eldest daughter, many a person thought that he would also rescue her sister. For this reason all placed great faith in the tailor, and he was not backward with big, proud

words. The young princess was led out to the sea, and the people followed her at a distance, and when they got there she sat down on the beach and cried bitterly. But the tailor did not think it wise to stay where he was, so he climbed up the tree and hid between the branches, as he did the first time.

While this was going on, the boy went to his chief and said: "Master, give me permission to go into the city and have a good time. Yesterday I could not look around very much."

At first the cook did not want to let him go, but the boy plead with him and gave him some of the pearls he had taken from the sea goblin.

Then the boy ran home for the sword which weighed six stone, put the linen cloak on over his clothes, called his dog, and strolled down the beach. When he got to the place where the king's daughter was sitting and crying, the tailor up in the tree was more than pleased. The boy, however, paid no attention to him but went to the princess, spoke to her politely, and asked: "Fair lady, why are you sitting here so sad and lonely?"

The second princess told him the same story as her sister had told the day before, and the boy promised that if she would stroke his head he would save her from the goblin.

Then he laid his head in the princess's lap, and she stroked it, while the tailor kept quiet in the tree and looked on. But the princess pulled a black silk thread out of her dress and wove it into the boy's long hair without his noticing it.

The second goblin came as his brother had come

the day before. Fido fought the second goblin's dog which was as big as a two-year-old ox and killed him and the boy at one mighty stroke cut off all the heads of this goblin. When he counted them, he found that there were six of them.

When the king's daughter saw this she was extraordinarily happy, and cried out: "Now I am free!" Then she asked her strange champion to follow her to her father's court, and receive the just honor and reward for his great service. But the boy declined this, and told her that his help was such a little thing that it was not worth talking about. He took several pearls and pieces of jewelry which the sea goblin had brought, said "good-bye" to the princess politely, and went away quickly.

While the battle was going on, the tailor up in the tree was half dead with worry and fear; but now that the danger was over, he climbed down quickly, drew his sword, and forced the king's daughter to swear that he and no other had freed her. The princess was not very willing to do this, but she was afraid of her life, and did not dare to resist. So the tailor led her to the palace, and they were received with great joy and signs of respect, and a more splendid banquet was prepared than the day before. The tailor sat next to the king, and was held in honor by everybody; and he even spoke a great many arrogant words and boasted over his manly deeds.

On the third day the youngest daughter of the king was to be given to the sea goblin. Greater than ever was the distress, not only in the king's court, but

throughout the whole kingdom, because everybody loved the princess on account of her beauty and her gentleness. Many placed their confidence in the brave tailor, and thought he would save the youngest daughter as he had her sisters. The princess, however, would not let herself be comforted, but cried bitterly. They took her to the sea, and she sat down on the beach. But the tailor forgot all his big words, and clambered up the pine tree as usual.

While all this was going on the young kitchen boy went to his chief, and after some persuasion gained leave to go into the city to have a good time.

He ran to his father and brought the third sword, that should have weighed twelve stone, but only weighed eleven. As he swung it in his hand and noticed how light it was he got angry, and said: "If you were not my father, as you are, you would have to pay for this. Now it will be lucky if I come back, and do not get my death stroke." So he bound the sword to his side, pulled the linen cloak over his clothes, called his dog, and went down to the sea. When he got to the place where the king's daughter was sitting and crying on the beach, the tailor up in the pine tree was pleased. The boy, however, paid no attention to him, went to the princess, spoke to her kindly, and asked: "Fair lady, why are you sitting here so sad, with tears running down your cheeks?"

The king's daughter answered: "I have good reason to cry. My father was in trouble at sea, and promised me to a sea goblin. I am afraid he is coming soon to take poor me away."

When the young fellow saw her grief his heart was moved in his breast, for he had never before seen such a lovely woman. "Is there no champion," he asked, "in your father's whole realm to save your life"?

"Yes," said the princess. "There sits up there in this pine tree a brave tailor who promised to free me as he freed both my sisters."

At these words the boy turned around, and saw the tailor sitting up in the tree. Then he said: "Noble lady, do not put your trust in such champions; but if you will stroke my head for a while I will risk my life for you".

"That I will do gladly," answered the king's daughter, for she liked the young man for his courage.

Then said the boy to his dog: "Fido, stand watch!" And laying his head in the girl's lap he slept while she played with his hair. But when the king's daughter noticed the threads which her sisters had woven in the boy's hair, she too pulled a silken thread out of her scarlet cloak, and tied it to the boy's locks, without his noticing it.

Fido began to bark at once, and they heard a mighty uproar in the sea. Then said the youth: "It is time to get up. Give me your apron, fair lady; perhaps it will be of assistance to us." The king's daughter did as he asked, and the boy ripped the apron into twelve pieces with his sword. Now arose a deafening din in the water, so that the waves were driven high up on the land, and a horrible sea goblin came out with twelve heads, each more hideous to look upon than the other. He had a dog with him as big as the biggest

steer, and cried out: "Where is the princess who was promised to me?"

The boy replied: "Here she is; but come nearer, so that we can talk together".

But the goblin said: "Perhaps you want to kill me to-day, little man, as you did my brothers before!"

The youth gave this answer: "It is for this purpose that I have come".

"Wait," said the goblin, "here's where you find your match. But first let our dogs fight."

"I am agreed," said the boy.

They set their dogs to fighting, and a terrible biting match took place. But it ended quickly, for the sea hound seized the boy's dog and swallowed him with one bite. This was the death of poor Fido. Still the young fellow was not afraid, but heaved and smote with his sword, so that all the goblin's twelve heads fell into the sea.

This goblin had a wonderful power, however, for if one head was cut off and got into the water it became alive again, jumped up and placed itself where it had been before. When the boy saw that he cried out to the king's daughter: "Noble lady, now is the time to help. As quickly as I chop off one head put a piece of your apron on the end of the neck, or else it will come to life again." With that he made a second stroke, so that one head fell down on the ground, and the king's daughter was ready to do as he told her. Then the third stroke, and another head fell off. The princess was ready again, and put a piece of her apron on the wound. So with the fourth blow.

When the boy had thus done away with seven heads, the goblin began to plead. "Stop your sword play, for I will let the young girl alone if I can only get away from here." But the boy was wrathful, and said: "You shall not think of getting away from here alive after I have once conquered you," and with that he swung his sword and smote mightily, so that one head after another dropped, and the king's daughter was ready each time, and put a piece of her apron on the wound. They did not stop until the youth had cut off all the goblin's twelve heads, and that was the death of him. But all this while the tailor sat up in the tree, and did not dare to stir with fear.

Now, when the fight was over, the king's daughter cried out, in joy of her heart: "I am free," and she thanked the champion with many friendly words, and asked him to follow her to her father's court to receive his just reward of honor. But the young man declined her request, and said that the service he had been able to give her was too little to speak about. He took the goblin's pearls, bade the beautiful princess a tender farewell, and went his way. Again the tailor climbed quickly down from his tree, drew his sword, and threatened the princess with death if she would not swear that he and no other had freed her from the sea goblin. The youngest princess promised as her sisters had done and returned to the court with the bragging tailor. They were met by the king and his whole court, and the whole kingdom was filled with the great fame of the brave tailor.

When the hour came at which the banquet should

begin, there was not a bit of food on the table. The king was vexed, and sent his youngest daughter to ask why the meal was not ready. The cook excused himself by saying that his servants were away, so that he had to get the dishes ready himself, and the princess was obliged to go back with this information. But as she passed the kitchen boy, it puzzled her to see that he turned away, and when she looked at him more closely, behold, she recognized her brave champion who had risked his life for her. Then she ran quickly to her sisters and told them what she had seen, and while the princesses were still talking about it, the king, their father, came and heard what they were saying. He was amazed, and ordered his daughters point-blank to tell him the truth. So the youngest princess told everything from beginning to end, and the older princesses confirmed her words. The king was very angry at the tailor's deceitfulness, and sent a messenger at once into the kitchen to bring the boy.

Great was the astonishment of all the cooks and servants. The young man did not wish to go, but said: "How can I appear before the king, when I am only an humble man clad in humble clothes?" But the messenger answered that it would be best to heed the king's will. So the boy went modestly into the hall where the king was sitting at table with all his guests, and the tailor had his place at the king's side. When the tailor saw the champion who had freed the princesses he blanched. And the king turned to the kitchen boy and asked with a loud voice: "Are you he who rescued my three daughters?"

The young man answered clearly, "Everyone says that it is not I who did, but the tailor".

"No," cried the king's daughters, with one voice, "it was you who saved us, and here are the three silken threads that we wove into your locks on the days when you lay with your head in our laps". Then the princesses jumped up, put their arms around the young man, found their silken threads in his long locks, and everyone understood that what the king's daughters had told was true. But the king said: "If it was you who freed the princesses, you shall receive your reward for it. I give you my youngest daughter, and with her half my land and kingdom."

There was great rejoicing in the whole court, The marriage was celebrated with happiness and merriment but the manly tailor slunk away from the banquet in shame, and history says nothing more about him.

—From "*Fairy Tales of All Nations*".
Courtesy of The John C. Winston Company.

SUGGESTIONS

There are several ways in which your teacher can help you to show that you understand and remember this story. Perhaps she will let the class decide which of the following things you would like to do.

First: You may divide the story into several chapters and give a title to each chapter.

Second: You may take turns in telling the story.

Third: You may ask one another questions about the story

Fourth: You may divide the story into several scenes, as a play or moving-picture is divided, and several of you may act each scene.

FRIENDS IN MISFORTUNE

Here is a clever little story that might be about two children instead of two ponies. As you read, see if the story makes you think of one that you can tell in your English class.

"He-he-he-heigh! What are you doing at my hedge?"

"Heigh-high-hoity-toity! The hedge is as much mine as yours!"

"Yours, you scrubby, hairy, low-born thing, that wouldn't know how to eat a mouthful of corn if it was set before you? Ha! Ha!"

I thank my stars that I'm not so fine and dainty as not to be able to do my work without being pampered upon corn! Heigh! heigh!"

"Work! To creep along with a cart-load of potatoes and cabbages, no faster than old Timothy can crawl. Do you call that work?"

"A pretty deal more work than trotting along with a baby-boy atop of you, or drawing a bit of a basket with a lady in it! I wouldn't be such a useless creature, not I," rushing off with a flourish of heels.

"Stay till you are asked;" and another canter, with heels kicked up. For Pearl and Peggy were ponies! Each was turned out for the night into a pasture, and between them there was a low hedge, chiefly of privet bushes, but with a strong wire or two running the whole length, to make all secure.

Pearl belonged to the lady at the pretty house just above, with the projecting eaves, and the deep oriel windows, all covered with roses. She had a beautiful

cosy stable, only it was so hot in the long days of summer that it was thought better to turn her out in the pleasant dewy field for the night, after her work was done—taking little master out for a ride in the morning, and drawing her mistress in the basket carriage in the afternoon. She was a slender, shining bay pony, with black mane and tail, and a very pretty head—indeed it was said that her great, great, great grandmother was an Arabian, so no wonder she gave herself airs, and she was washed and curry-combed every day by her own groom.

Peggy was rough, dark, and sturdy, with a short neck, a hog mane, and stout legs. Two days in the week she drew the cart to market. On two others she took other loads to the same town. On another she fetched clothes for the wash, and received another load of clean ones, and there was always something hard and heavy for her to do on the sixth day. Nobody groomed her; she had no place to sleep in but a shed in the corner of the field; she never got a feed of corn, far less lumps of sugar, and pieces of bread, but she was turned out when her work was over, to pick up her living in that little rough field as best she might, only now and then getting a little bran, or a few carrots.

It was Sunday, so neither had done any work, and they had the more time to look, and tease each other with snorts and scornful laughter. Presently Peggy's master, hobbling up on his way to church, held out his hand with a carrot in it, crying, "Coup, coup, old lass," and when she came up, petted her, and played with her forelock while she munched the carrot.

"As if I would stand still for such a dirty old man!" snorted Pearl.

"He's not dirty, you impudence," whinnied back Peggy, "he is groomed for Sunday!"

"Much you know about grooming that rough coat of yours," was the retort of satin-skinned Pearl, while the old man went on his way to church.

The bells ceased to sound, and all was quiet. Presently a big gipsy-looking man in a fur cap and a boy with a black shock of hair looked over a hedge.

"Handsome pony that!" said the man, looking at Pearl.

Pearl liked praise, from whomsoever it came, so she pricked up her ears and whinnied.

"Wouldn't I like to be upon the back of her," said the boy.

"Too smart and spirited for you, my lad," said the man, "but she would sell for a good price. That's the serviceable article! Here!" and he moved to Peggy's untidy old gate, and chirruped, but Peggy was more wary, and kept her distance.

The days were long just then; the sun rose very early, and even before he rose, the robin which had its nest in the corner of Peggy's field had waked, and was singing, singing away, far, far up in the trees.

Just as the first beams were touching the brown breast, a wary whistle, and "coup, coup" sounded in the corner of Peggy's field. She awoke, and turned an ear to listen. The sound came again, and there was the shaking of a sieve. Corn, the greatest delicacy a horse knows, had been very seldom tasted by Peggy,

and, strange as the hour was for a breakfast, she was so much enticed as to lose all her suspicions, and trotted up in a moment. Her nose was scarcely among the corn before a halter was over her head, and she found herself being dragged off!

It was all done so quietly that Pearl had heard nothing but the first call, which made her prick up her delicate black ears. No doubt, she thought, that hard-worked, beggarly old master of Peggy's wanted to set to work at this dreadful time in the morning. She would go to sleep again.

The call was sounding again in her own field. The sieve rattled, but Pearl was too well fed, and corn was too common a thing with her for her to care much about that. She thought it dangerous and stood up with her nostrils spread and her eyes full of alarm. The man advanced upon her; she cantered away to the further end of her field. Then the boy ran after her, while, thoroughly alarmed, she galloped wildly about, neighing as loud as she could to call for help. Alas! nobody was up, nothing answered her but poor Peggy's frightened neighs! and though she led the man, the boy, and a girl, who now appeared, a pretty dance, at last she was penned up in a corner, and the great, hard, dirty hand had got hold of her mane.

She tried to kick, but he held her fast, and a whip came down stinging on her satin sides whenever she struggled. Presently she found herself and Peggy tied side by side by their halters at the back of a very dirty old gipsy cart, with a top over it, ten times worse than the one that Peggy was used to draw.

and filled with straw and ragged little children, whose shouts of glee were shocking to the ponies. They were, however, silenced at once by rough words from the father and mother. A poor lean horse was in the shafts, and the boy, running beside him, pulled his bridle, and gave him two or three blows, so that he moved on, dragging behind Pearl and Peggy—past the dear, beautiful stable where Pearl had her own comfortable stall, near the two fine tall carriage-horses, past the thatched cottage where old Timothy lived, past the neat garden where abode Pearl's groom! How they struggled and neighed, but all in vain—nobody would hear, or look out; everyone was fast asleep, and on, on they went. The ponies pulled and dragged at their halters, and strove with all their might, but in vain—the ropes would not yield, and they only hurt themselves; while on, on they were forced to go, at that weary, slow pace, and with nothing to eat.

Once, a mile or more from home, Peggy saw a man whom she knew, because he had dealings with her master, and she neighed, and strained at her halter, doing all she could to attract his attention, but he would not, or did not, take any notice, and on they went. Pearl did not like the movement, and kicked at Peggy, who returned it, but the man, seeing the commotion, turned back, and with rude words laid his whip across both of them.

Very, very weary were the two poor ponies, dragged on through stony roads, as the sun became hotter and hotter, but at last the cart stopped under a hedge on the border of a wide heath. The hungry and thirsty

creatures tried to get their mouths to the grass, but the ropes were too short, and in her disappointment Peggy tried to bite at her companion.

"Oh!" whinnied out Pearl, "we had best be friends in this terrible place—we who are old neighbors".

"Ha! ha! You aren't so proud now you are brought as low as I am," returned Peggy.

It was a rude answer; but Peggy was very tired and miserable, and though she was more used to roughing it than was Pearl, she had less spirit to stand up against their distress.

However, their new master seemed to remember them. He and the boy led them down to a muddy pond under the hedge, and though Pearl in general would have scorned such water, she was glad enough to suck it up. Then an armful of hay was thrown down before each. It had perhaps been pulled out of a hay-rick, but that was not the ponies' business, and they gladly ate it up, and only wished there was more. Then the halters were drawn up tighter, and the cart set out again, but both were in better heart, and Peggy was good-humored, and ready to believe, as Pearl did, that biting and kicking at one another was not the way to be less distressed; so they journeyed on in quite a friendly manner. When at last the long day's journey was over, Pearl sadly missed the groom's hand washing her, and curry-combing her to make her comfortable, and Peggy not only forebore to laugh at her for being such a fine lady as to expect it, but really tried to do what she could for her by biting at a lump that a horse-fly had made in her neck.

They could both understand what human beings said, and when the rumbling of the cart was over, they listened anxiously to what the man, his wife, and the eldest son were saying about them.

The woman wanted to take them to a great fair near at hand, and sell them early in the day. They squeezed closer together, and Pearl put her neck across Peggy's, as they felt how dreadful it would be to be parted from all that was left of home.

They were relieved to hear the man say that it could not be done safely; but then the woman answered that was nonsense—they had only to cut off the long hair of the rough pony, clip the mane and tail of the bay, and paint over the white star on her forehead.

Dreadful! the mane and tail that little master was so proud of! Poor Pearl gave a jerk to her halter, and determined to kick and bite her hardest before any such thing should be done to her. However, by the time the kettle was boiled, and the evening meal eaten, the man started off for the public-house in the village, whose chimneys and their smoke could just be seen far down in the valley below.

The ponies were tied by ropes and allowed to graze, but the grass was very short, and then there was a great many thistles, more fit for a donkey than a horse, as Pearl sighed when they pricked her delicate nose, and there was no water, except that a fine drizzling rain came on. Tinker, the old horse in the shafts, who was turned loose, did not cheer them. He told them he led a wretched life, beaten, starved, and tired, and his only hope was to have Peggy put on to help him

with his loads. At home Pearl would have ~~been~~ safely housed in her own stable; here she could only creep as near the shelter of the cart as she could, and shiver. And good-natured Peggy, who was used to such things, and had much longer hair, came and squeezed up against her to keep her warmer; but still it was a wretched time, and the poor ponies felt damp, and limp, and tired when the cart set off again in the morning.

They went down the hill, over a rough chalk road, stumbling along, but they stopped at the public-house for beer for the people in the cart, and a little hay and water for the horses.

Just as they were enjoying clean water, a rough-looking man sauntered up. "I say, mate," said he, "there be notices up everywhere about a couple of ponies, and I heard tell as the bobbies were on the look-out for them at the fair".

Those words did Pearl and Peggy more good than even the water.

There followed a few more words, and then the whole family were bundled back into the cart, and Tinker had to drag them all up the same steep hill.

They were halted, and the boy was sent on the further road to spy out what he could. Presently, he came running back as hard as he could. "Two policemen out in front of their station," he declared.

"There's nothing else for it," said the man.

However that might be, the halters were taken off their necks, there was a hard parting smack, and behold, Pearl and Peggy were free! They could

hardly believe it, but the man and boy stamped and whooped at them, and off they went, putting down their heads and prancing with heels in the air for joy, and only wishing that poor Tinker was with them.

When they came to a turn of the road, they stood still and consulted how to get home. Peggy snuffed about, but it was beyond where she had ever been before, or Pearl either, but there was a feeling in them for the right way, and they cantered along side by side as merrily as could be.

Presently Pearl said, "I've been in this corner with my mistress! I remember the white post that made me shy! This way!" How they tossed their heads and trotted on.

"Soh!" there was a call Pearl knew well.

It was her own kind groom in the trap with the superintendent of police.

What rejoicing there was; Pearl's little master kissed her when she came home, and old Timothy did almost as much by Peggy.

And whenever the two ponies were turned out in their two fields, they used to get to the fence between and rub their noses together, and they whinnied kind greetings to one another whenever they met. Their adventures had quite cured them of their two kinds of pride.

-Charlotte M. Yonge.

1. Why was it easier for the gypsy to catch Peggy than Pearl?

2. Upon which horse were the hardships of the gypsy camp the more severe?

3. Why did the two horses become friends at the end?

THE FOUNTAIN ANGEL.

This tale would be properly called fanciful. As you read it, see if you can find out why. Some of you will probably not like it very much, while others will like it a great deal. Every one will be asked to tell why he likes or does not like The Fountain Angel.

It was called the Orange Garden, and in the middle stood a beautiful fountain. The water flowed from a horn held in the hands of a child-figure carved in marble, and fell down with a soft splash into a fluted shell beneath. Out of this it rippled again into a marble basin, round which the grass grew so green that the flower beds shone like jewels in a brilliant setting.

Great orange-trees, in tubs, stood on each side of the path that led from the old red-roofed Palace to the fountain, and white benches with banks of flowering plants behind them.

In the summer evenings many of the townspeople came and walked in the garden, enjoying the soft air and listening to the murmur of the fountain, whilst their children played round the stone basin and, as they looked up at the marble child, wondered how it felt to be so high up, and to sit so very still, all day! Was his little hand never tired of holding the horn?

And then, when the twilight fell, and the stars peeped out one by one, the moon shone softly, and the scent of the orange flowers filled the air—was he not very lonely there; was he not afraid? He never seemed frightened, for a smile dimpled his baby face; and old, old people told their grandchildren that he had always been the same.

“He can never change,” they said; “he is like one of the little angels”. So the children called him the “Fountain Angel”.

Now the Fountain Angel had many friends, and the chief of them all was Hermine, a poor little lame girl, who lived with her grandfather, Bernhardt, in the grey stone cottage just outside the Orange Garden. Old Bernhardt was one of the Duke’s gardeners, and Hermine had lived with him ever since she was a baby. She could remember no other relations, and as she could not run about and play with the other children, she made her only friend and playmate of the Fountain Angel, and spent all her spare minutes by his side.

One evening, late in the summer, old Bernhardt lay ill in his cottage, and the moon was shining brightly over the Orange Garden before Hermine came through the iron-scrolled gates with the slow tap, tap, of her little crutch-stick, and seated herself wearily on the grass beside the fountain. The air was so warm, and she had been working so hard all day, that she fell asleep—with her head against a cold marble pillow.

It must have been many hours later that the child awoke with a start, wondering where she was, and why her bed had suddenly become so hard.

It was bright moonlight. She rubbed her eyes, jumped up with the help of her crutch-stick, and walked slowly round the fountain.

The water splashed in the moonbeams, the shell and the rocks that supported it shone in the soft light—but the Fountain Angel was gone!

Hermine stood with her eyes growing round with

astonishment: Gone! Had someone stolen him whilst she was asleep? Had the earth opened and swallowed him up? What, what had become of him?

"Are you looking for me, little friend?" said a child voice at her elbow.

She turned quickly, and there in the path stood the missing Fountain Angel.

He carried a watering-can in his little hand, and his face was so sweet and child-like that Hermine quite forgot to be frightened, and found herself sitting down by his side on one of the white benches by the orange trees before she realized what she was doing.

"You are wondering why I am here, little Hermine," he said, as he slipped his hand confidently into hers, and looked up at her with soft grey eyes. "You do not know that every night as the clock strikes one I have the gift of life bestowed upon me, and can descend to earth to be indeed the good angel of the fountain.

"This power was given me as a reward for the faithful labors of my master, the great sculptor who, many, many years ago, designed and wrought me from a block of purest marble, and then presented me as an offering to the town in which he was born. So faithfully had he loved and studied Nature, and so truly had he used his powers for noble ends, that his last prayer was granted him; and he died happily, knowing that I should be allowed to carry on his good deeds and loving care for others.

"For the last hundred years I have tried faithfully to fulfill his wishes. I have carried water to fill the buckets and tubs of all the good neighbors round the

‘Orange Garden; I have watered the gardens of all those who were poor or busy; I have brought fresh life to the plants and flowers.’”

Hermine had listened to the Fountain Angel with absorbed interest, now she seized her crutch-stick, and jumped from her seat eagerly.

“Oh, let me help you!” she cried. “I know I can never work as well as other children, because I am lame; but *please* teach me to be useful, and show me what I can do!”

“Yes, you shall help me, little friend,” said the marble child. “Poor old Bernhardt is too old now to water his garden himself, so *I* do it every night for him, and you shall help.”

He put a watering-can into Hermine’s hand exactly like the one he carried himself, and when she had once filled it at the fountain she noticed that it always remained full of bubbling water.

So there they worked together, the little girl and the Fountain Angel. In and out amongst the banks of flowering bushes tapped Hermine’s crutch, and in and out darted the white form of the marble child, whilst a beautiful scent of fresh, moist earth and orange bloom rose upon the air. Hermine’s heart was filled with joy as she thought how happy she was to be allowed to share in such a good work!

“And now, little friend, you must go home and sleep,” said the Fountain Angel, “for I have to carry water to the houses of all the sick and poor in the town. You could not help me there, I have to go and come so quickly. Before you go bathe your lame

foot in the fountain; its water has a gift of healing. Good-bye! To-morrow we shall meet again."

He waved his hand affectionately towards Hermine, and disappeared through the iron-scrolled gates.

Left alone, she sat dabbling her foot in the cool waters of the fountain, and thinking over all that the marble child had told her, till the clock in the Palace tower struck three, and she started as she realized how late it was!

She pulled on her little wooden-soled shoes, and hurried to her grandfather's cottage, letting herself in as gently as she could, so that she might not disturb him. He was still sleeping quietly; and as soon as Hermine's little tired head touched the pillow she was in the land of dreams.

Old Bernhardt grew rapidly better, and was pleased and surprised, on his first visit to the Orange Garden, to find that everything was in perfect order, and the ground moist, as though just after a heavy shower.

"How thick the dews have fallen," he said to Hermine, as he seated himself contentedly on one of the white benches. "It is a happy thing for me, for it would have tired my old back sorely to begin to water the orange tubs this morning."

Hermine smiled with delight, and nodded towards the Fountain Angel. She would have liked to laugh out loud, but reflected that her grandfather might ask what amused her.

"Really it all looks very well, considering the time of year," mused the old gardener. "I might just do a little sweeping up, and then leave it. It is won-

derful how heavy the dews are now the autumn comes on."

Hermine left her grandfather with a broom in his hand, and went back again to the little cottage. She worked very hard to keep everything clean and neat, and that day her foot felt lighter and more easily moved than she could ever remember it.

"Oh, I wonder if the Fountain Angel will *really* cure me," she said to herself, as she scrubbed away at the black chest in which she and her grandfather kept their Sunday clothing. "How beautiful it would be to be able to run about like other children!"

Again that evening Hermine went into the Orange Garden, and for many evenings after; helping the Fountain Angel in his work, and bathing her lame foot in the healing water.

Her grandfather noticed, with astonishment, that she had put aside her crutch-stick, and before very long she was able to run about as merrily as any of the children she used to long to play with on the grass by the marble Fountain.

It is many, many years ago now, since little Hermine grew well and strong, and went away to a new country, where children with blue eyes like her own clustered round her knee in the soft summer twilight, but the Orange Garden remains unchanged. The scent of flowers still fills the air; the water drips with the same soothing splash into the marble basin, and there, with his old sweet smile, stands the marble figure of the "Fountain Angel".

—*Fanny Barry.*

A BRAVE LITTLE FRENCHMAN

Pierre was a little French boy who lived in a village near the boundary line between France and Germany. One day some French troops came to the village. When the people gathered round them, the captain asked if they had seen any Germans about.

"Do you know if they are far from here? I wish to know exactly before we cross the river," added the captain.

Little Pierre, who had heard the question, pushed forward and saluted. "If you wish, I will find out," said he. "I know the country very well. My grandmother, who is ill, lives on the other side of the river, in the next village. I will go to see her and find out if the Germans are near."

"But you will be shot," said the captain.

"Oh, I am not afraid," replied the little boy. "I will hide in the bushes; and if anyone should see me, I will say I am going to see my grandmother."

The boy's offer pleased the captain and he consented to let the little fellow try out his plan. So Pierre started off as if he were going for a walk in the country. He had on his wooden shoes, a woolen cap, and a short, blue coat. He looked exactly like a little boy going to visit his grandmother. He crossed the river on a little foot bridge. When he came to the other side, he went toward the village where his grandmother lived, hiding as best he could back of hedges and bushes.

Once he met a woman whom he knew, and asked her whether there were any Germans near.

"Indeed there are. Thousands of them are out there beyond the houses, with horsemen and cannon. Go home at once or you will be shot."

But the brave lad did not turn back. "If there are Germans here," thought he, "it is not time to think of myself. I must get exact information for the captain."

Suddenly he heard the galloping of a troop of horsemen and saw some German cavalry coming toward him. "Halt!" shouted an officer. "What are you doing, boy?"

"I am going to see my grandmother who is ill," said little Pierre.

"No you are not," said one of the Germans. "You were hiding yourself in order to spy on us. Come along! Forward, march! You are going to be shot!"

Pierre was placed between two soldiers and brought to the German camp. There he saw rows of cannon and great numbers of infantry and cavalry. He heard the Germans talking and knew that they planned to attack the French on the other side of the river. "If only I could get away and warn the captain," he thought. But that seemed impossible, for the Germans had locked him in a barn guarded by a sentinel.

"If the least warning is given to the French you will be shot this evening," he was warned.

"How can I get out?" thought this brave little boy to himself as soon as he was alone. He looked about him. The barn had been used as a storehouse and was full of knapsacks, helmets, and guns. There was a small window in one side, too high for the little boy to reach. Quickly and quietly he piled a number



AS FAST AS HE COULD HE MADE HIS WAY BACK

of knapsacks one upon the other and climbing over them was able to reach the opening. He looked out. The sentry was on the other side of the building. So out he jumped, landing in the soft dirt below without making any noise. As fast as he could he made his way back to the river, crawling behind the thickets. He heard shouts behind him and thought that his escape had been discovered. Then how he did run! Soon he came to the river. Fortunately the river was low and so in he splashed and waded across to the other side. When he finally reached the captain, he was a wet, muddy, and breathless little boy.

"There are many Germans and a great many cannon," he told the officer, "and they are going to come here, for they have forbidden all the people to leave the village for fear they will warn you".

"You are a brave boy," said the captain. "We know what to do now."

"I am only sorry," said Pierre, "that I did not see my grandmother".

—From "*National School Service*".

QUESTIONS

1. Did Pierre go over the river in order to see his grandmother, or did he go for something else?

2. When the woman told him that there were thousands of Germans with horsemen and cannon, why did not Pierre go back and tell the captain?

3. Why did the German officer shut Pierre up in the barn?

4. How did Pierre escape from the barn?

5. Tell why you think Pierre was a brave boy.

CLEAR THINKING

Arrange your paper as usual. Here are ten problems to be answered, not with figures, but with the word *yes* or *no*. No other answer will be satisfactory. Use a new line for each new answer, and be sure to number it to correspond with the problem. If you are not sure of the answer, guess at it, and pass on to the next problem.

1. Last Saturday I earned twenty cents. I bought a top for twelve cents. Can I buy a pencil costing ten cents with what I have left?

2. John is two years older than I. I am two years older than Walter. Is Walter the youngest?

3. All the boys in the Fourth Grade have joined the Thrift Club. John is in the Fourth Grade. Is John a member of the Thrift Club?

4. I have three dollars in my bank. If my father gives me that much more, can I buy a pair of shoes costing \$5.25?

5. John is older than Stuart. I am younger than John. Are you sure that Stuart is older than I am?

6. All but five of the girls of our class are members of the Thrift Club. Alice is in our class. Can you be sure that Alice is a member of the Thrift Club?

7. I have twenty walnuts. If I give each of my three brothers six, shall I have six left for myself?

8. For my birthday, my mother gave me five dollars. If I put one half of it in bank, shall I have enough left to buy a new cap for two dollars?

9. All the boys in our class are members of the Thrift Club. Stuart is not a member of the Thrift Club. Do you think Stuart is in the Fourth Grade?

AMBER BEADS

As you go on in school you will study many books of science which will explain thousands of interesting things. Sometimes, too, you will read books of poetry and of the imagination, which you know are not really true so far as the facts are concerned, but which are well worth reading simply because the stories are beautiful. We all need to read both kinds of books.

This selection gives two explanations that will interest you.

It had been a long, dreary, rainy day, and the children, a rather cross little group, were gathered around the library fire in the tiresome hour before dinner time. They were tired of all their games and books, and they were not even talking much, for Madge, their high-school sister, was studying under the red lamp on the table, and it was dangerous to disturb her. However, when the door opened suddenly, they did not stop to think whether they were disturbing Madge or not; for in came Aunt Maisie, like a breath of fresh air and sunshine.

Twelve-year-old Dick, who was old enough to have manners, jumped up from the leather arm-chair and stretched himself on the hearth-rug. Betty, the youngest, curled cosily in Aunt Maisie's lap, and the twins clung to her two hands. Louise, always quick to observe, spied something new.

"What beautiful yellow beads!" she cried. "They're new, aren't they, auntie?"

"A birthday present, Bright-eyes."

"They look as if they had caught a bit of the sunshine that we haven't seen all day," said Marion, the imaginative twin. "What kind are they? Glass?"

"No, they're amber. I wonder if you'd like to hear the story about them?"

"Story nothing!" broke in Madge, who had been listening. "Why, our science teacher was just telling us about them yesterday. Amber is just the sap, or resin, that oozes out of any pine tree—what they make varnish and turpentine of, you know. Only the pine trees from which the amber came lived thousands of years ago, and the resin was buried under layers of earth and wood and plants and everything, until it hardened into this stuff—fossils, they call such things. And sometimes——" Madge was growing much interested in her own lecture, being always glad to teach the younger ones something—"sometimes before it hardened a little insect or a tiny leaf got caught in the soft gum, and it hardened with the fly or whatever it was inside, so sometimes now they find a piece of amber with a fly in it that's thousands of years old!" She stopped for breath.

"Say, you know a lot!" cried Dick, scornfully. He objected to being instructed by a sister only three years older than he. "That couldn't be so, could it, Aunt Maisie?"

"I suppose it is, Dick. You know what a fossil is, don't you?"

"Sure! I saw some in the museum—old pieces of stone with prints of ferns and sea-shells and animals' feet in them. The teacher said the fern used to lie in the sand, and the sand hardened into rock and the fern left its imprint there."

"That's right. Well, people say that my amber

beads are just fossils like that. But when I see how beautiful and golden they are in the sunlight, or with the firelight shining through them as it does now, I like better to believe another story about them."

"Tell it to us," begged the twins: so at last Aunt Maisie began:

"Once upon a time, thousands and thousands of years ago, when the world was very young, people believed that there were a great many gods, each one ruling some little part of the world, instead of one God who rules the whole. There was a god of the sea and a god of the mountains and a goddess of the moon and another of the harvests. There was a god of music and a goddess of beauty and a god of war and a goddess of wisdom. There was a god of the forests, and every tree and every brook had a beautiful maiden living in it called a nymph. If a wood-cutter cut down a tree, people thought he had driven the nymph from her home.

"Now one of the most important gods was Helios, whose work was to drive the chariot of the sun every day across the sky from east to west. Every morning the fiery horses were harnessed to the chariot and led out of their stable by Aurora, goddess of the dawn; and every night they went to sleep in their other stable in the west. Nobody tried very hard to explain how they got back to the east before the next morning; but as in those days they thought the earth was flat, I suppose the horses must have had some way of crossing back from west to east on the underneath side of the earth.

“Helios had several daughters, and one son, named Phaethon. One day the boy came home from school in great distress, for his schoolmates had been teasing him by saying that they didn’t believe he was really the son of the sun-god. He went to his father and begged him to let him prove to these hateful boys who his father was, by driving the chariot of the sun for just one day. His father was just as unwilling as human fathers are when their children want to do what isn’t good for them. He explained to young Phaethon that the horses were very unruly and hard to manage, and that they never had allowed themselves to be driven by anyone but their own master. Some dreadful thing would be sure to happen if an inexperienced lad undertook to hold the reins. But Phaethon went on pleading and insisting, and his sisters pleaded too, until at last Helios, though he did not really consent, stopped refusing. Then the three maidens danced off in delight to the stable, and harnessed the horses ready for their brother to drive.

“My, but Phaethon felt proud when he found himself in the sun-chariot with the reins in his hands! The strong, splendid horses pulled hard as they dashed out of the widespread doors of the east, and the boy rejoiced to think that he had such mighty creatures in his power. But very soon he found that he did not have them in his power at all. They would not go in the direction where he tried to guide them, no matter how much he shouted to them and sawed on the reins. Like all horses, they found out very quickly that it was not their master who was driving, and the more

Phaethon tried to control them the more frightened and nervous the high-spirited beasts became, and the further they dragged the chariot out of the usual course.

“First they dragged it too high, and all the earth grew cold because the sun was so far away. The flowers and fruits froze, and men shivered and built fires and huddled around them. Then the fiery steeds dashed too low, and everything on the earth began to be scorched and withered. The crops got on fire, and the mountain peaks smoked, and the skins of the people in Africa, to which the sun-chariot passed nearest, were burned black. At last, when even the water in the rivers was being burned up, a river god cried out to Jupiter, the king of all the gods, asking him to do something to save the earth from being quite destroyed by the driving of this rash lad. Jupiter was very angry that such damage was being done, and he hurled a thunderbolt at the driver of the chariot. Phaethon was flung out, while the horses dashed on in their mad career across the heavens. The three sisters, who had been watching anxiously from the palace of their father, saw the lad fall headlong through the air; and going to the place where they thought they saw him alight, they found his body in the waters of the river in Italy which we now call the Po.

“The three maidens, overcome with grief, began to weep. They wept and wept and wept, letting their tears drop into the river to swell its current; until at last, weary of their unending grief, Jupiter turned them into poplar trees, swaying in the wind on the

river bank. But their tears still continued to fall; and the big round tear drops, as they fell, turned into drops of amber, just like these in my chain. And if you wonder why they are yellow, instead of colorless like most tears, it was because these maidens were the daughters of the sun-god, and their tears caught and held some of the golden rays of the sun, their father. That is why my beads look like drops of sunshine. And I like to think of them as the tears of the poplar-maidens, forever weeping for the unlucky fate of their brother Phaethon."

"Well, of course," said Madge haughtily, though she had listened with interest, "if you believe those old stories——"

"Why," interrupted Marion, "it isn't exactly believing; it's just pretending that you believe. And the story seems to fit the pretty beads a great deal better than your dry old talk about fossils."

And then supper was announced and they all trooped hungrily to the dining-room.

—*Mabel Dodge Holmes.*

QUESTIONS

From what the story says, can you tell what *resin* is? What a *fossil* is?

Which of the two explanations of the making of amber do you think is true?

Which do you like better to believe? Why?

Suppose you were an artist making pictures for the story. Which scenes would you choose to make pictures of, and what would you put in each picture?

OPPOSITES

Here is a chance to show how much you know about words and their meanings. This exercise will also test your ability to follow closely the printed directions which you will read. This is not a time for rapid reading. It is much more important that you clearly understand just what you are to do.

1. Arrange your paper with your name on the first line to the left and your grade on the first line to the right. On the second line put the date. Beginning with the fourth line, number each line from 1 to 10.

2. Below are ten groups of words. In each group the first word in small capitals is followed by four other words. One of these four words is just opposite in meaning to the first word. In the first group the word SLOW is followed by the words *stop*, *fast*, *speed*, and *silent*. Which of these words is just the opposite of SLOW? When you have made up your mind, write the word SLOW and the word which you decide is its exact opposite on the first line of your paper.

3. Continue the exercise by writing the two opposites in each of the other groups on the proper line of your paper. When you have finished, raise your hand as a signal to your teacher. When you are sure your teacher has seen your hand, lower it and wait quietly for your classmates to finish.

SLOW (stop, fast, speed, silent).

COME (stay, drive, turn, go).

BEAUTIFUL (strange, strong, ugly, pretty).

BRAVE (cowardly, mean, small, short).

FAR (beyond, near, ground, distant).

STRONG (weak, bad, poor, muscular).

GOOD (old, rich, bad, miserly).

THIN (big, strong, healthy, fat).

SMOOTH (soft, kind, rough, ragged).

OLD (age, young, recent, wise).

THE STORY OF JOSEPH

Here is a story that you may know. It is one of the oldest stories in the world and one of the most interesting. Would you like to see how rapidly you can read it through without missing any of the meaning? After you have read the story, raise your hand so that your teacher may know you have finished. You will then be asked some questions to test your understanding of what you have read.

There once lived an old man who had twelve sons. They all lived in tents, for they were herdsmen and had frequently to move from place to place to find pasture for their flocks. Ten of these sons were grown men with wives and children of their own, while the two youngest were but boys who still lived in the tent with their father. The older of these two boys was called Joseph, and he was very different from his brothers. He was not fond of bargaining and quarreling as they were, but would far rather walk alone in the fields and gaze at the stars and dream dreams. I am sure Joseph would have liked to read books, had there been any books in that country where he lived; but there were none, and so he had to be content with the stories in the stars and in the streams and in the grass of the fields.

Now Jacob, Joseph's father, loved Joseph more than all his brothers; partly because he was the son of his old age; partly, too, because Jacob had loved Joseph's mother very dearly, and she had died; but most of all, I think, because he saw that Joseph had a fine mind and a clean heart, and would some day be a greater man than any of his other sons. So, out of his

special love for Joseph, he made him a beautiful coat of many colors which Joseph was very proud to wear, and which made all his brothers very envious. They saw that their father loved Joseph more than any of themselves, and they hated him because of this. Indeed, so unkindly did they feel to him that they would hardly speak to him except harshly or angrily.

Not long after this, Joseph had a wonderful dream which so pleased him that he told it to his brothers. He said that he dreamed that they were all in the fields together binding the sheaves of grain, and that suddenly his sheaf stood upright while the sheaves of the others stood round about and bowed to it. This, of course, made the brothers very angry, and they asked Joseph if he really thought that he, a mere boy, would ever rule over his older brothers. But Joseph paid little attention to what they said, and somewhat later he dreamed another dream, which he told this time to his father as well as to his brothers. He said that in his dream he saw the sun and the moon and the eleven stars bowing down to him. His brothers were again very angry and even his father rebuked him, saying, "Shall I and thy mother and thy brothers indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth?" I suppose that Joseph was this time very much ashamed of himself, but he could not help dreaming as he did, and his dreams were so interesting that he felt he must tell them to someone.

Now you must know that a shepherd's life was not always an easy one, for the flocks would sometimes wander far, far away in search of food and water, and

the shepherds had to remain with them to protect them from wild animals and to keep them from becoming lost altogether. Thus it was that shepherds might be away from home for many days at a time. On one such occasion, when his older sons had been a long time away, Jacob said to Joseph, "Go, see whether it is well with thy brethren and well with the flocks and bring me word again". So Joseph put on his many colored coat which his father had given him and set out to find his brothers. In their search for good pasture land they had gone much further than Joseph thought, and he wandered about the fields a long while looking for them. At last he met a man who said he had heard them say, "Let us go to Dothan". Now Dothan was toward the north and near the road which merchants and travelers took to go down into Egypt.

On hearing this news Joseph promptly set out after his brothers and found them in Dothan. While Joseph was still a long way off, his brothers saw him, and, hating him because of his dreams, they planned together to slay him. They said, "Behold, this dreamer comes. Let us slay him and cast him into some pit, and we will say some evil beast has eaten him and we shall see what will become of his dreams." But Reuben, Joseph's oldest brother, wished to save him, and so suggested that they should not kill him but throw him alive into some pit where he might perish of exposure and starvation or as a prey to some wild beast. Reuben knew he could easily return to the pit after his brothers had gone and bring Joseph safely back to his father again. Therefore, when



JOSEPH'S BROTHERS SELL HIM TO THE MERCHANTS

Joseph arrived they seized him, stripped him of his coat of many colors, and threw him into an empty pit near by. They then sat down to eat, and as they ate a band of merchants passed by on their way down to Egypt, carrying spices and balm and myrrh on the backs of their camels. Judah, another one of the brothers, seeing them, suggested that they could get rid of Joseph just as well by selling him as a slave to these merchants, and they would not have the guilt of their brother's death upon their conscience. The others agreed that this was a good plan, and when, shortly after this, another band of merchants came in sight, they hailed them, and drawing Joseph up out of the pit, sold him to them for twenty pieces of silver.

Now Reuben had gone away after he had persuaded them not to kill Joseph, and when he returned and found the pit empty, he was very sad and sought his brothers to learn what had happened. They told him what they had done; and, taking a kid of the goats, they killed it and dipped Joseph's coat into the blood to make it look as though he had been attacked and killed by some wild animal. They then returned to their father with the bloody coat and asked him if he recognized it as the coat worn by his favorite son. Poor Jacob could not fail to see that it was Joseph's coat, and, crying out that some evil beast had devoured his son, he rent his clothes, dressed himself in coarse cloth, and mourned many days. All his sons and daughters tried to comfort him, but he refused to be comforted for the loss of the son that he loved so dearly.

JOSEPH IN PRISON

On the next six pages the story of Joseph continues. As you read on, see if you can outline the story by thinking of a sentence for each paragraph something like this:

Joseph is trusted.

He is falsely imprisoned.

He meets the King's butler and baker.

Try to do this without writing the sentences out, and after you have finished reading, try to remember your sentences in the right order. Your teacher will let you help in making an outline on the blackboard.

Meanwhile Joseph, very much frightened but still trusting in God, was taken down into Egypt by the merchants and sold to Potiphar, the captain of the king's guard. Potiphar was a wise man and soon saw that Joseph was not an ordinary servant but a young man of intelligence and ability, so he gave him a position of trust in his household and made him one of his chief officers. Joseph was a fine-looking young man, with a pleasant disposition, and everyone liked him.

All went well with Joseph until Potiphar's wife became angry with him and persuaded her husband to put him in prison. But Joseph still had faith that God would take care of him, and so even in prison he tried to be cheerful and to comfort the other prisoners in their misery. Among these were two men who had been servants of the king, one his chief baker and the other his chief butler, and early one morning they both came to Joseph very much troubled. They had each had a dream; and as they believed that dreams were always messages from God to tell people what was

going to happen, they were very anxious to know what their dreams meant.

When Joseph learned what was troubling them, he asked them to tell him their dreams and perhaps God would interpret their dreams for them. So the chief butler told his dream to Joseph and said:

"In my dream behold, a vine was before me and in the vine were three branches, and it was as though it budded, and blossoms shot forth and changed into ripe grapes, and the cup of Pharaoh, the king, was in my hand and I took the grapes and pressed them into the cup and gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand."

Joseph listened carefully to the dream and then said,

"This is the interpretation of it. The three branches are three days. In three days Pharaoh will release you from prison and restore you to your place, and you will deliver the cup into his hand as you did before when you were his butler. But think of me when you are again in the king's favor, and have me brought out of prison; for I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews, and here also I have done nothing that they should put me into this dungeon."

When the chief baker saw that the butler's dream had so happy an interpretation, he was anxious also to tell his dream. He said,

"I also was in my dream; and behold, I had three white baskets on my head and in the uppermost basket there was all manner of bread and pastry for Pharaoh, the king, and the birds came and ate them out of the basket upon my head."

Joseph looked at him sadly and said,

“This is the interpretation of your dream. In three days Pharaoh will hang you on a tree and the birds will come and eat your flesh.”

Just as Joseph said so it happened. Three days later, on the king's birthday, he gave a great feast to all his servants; and while he restored his butler to his former place, he caused his baker to be put to death. But in the joy of his release from prison the butler forgot to tell the king about Joseph.

So two years went by with Joseph still in prison, when, one night Pharaoh, the king, dreamed a dream. When he awoke in the morning he was much troubled and he called together all the wisest men of his kingdom, to whom he told his dreams and from whom he asked their meaning. But there was none who could interpret the dreams. Seeing his master so troubled, however, the king's butler, who had all this time forgotten all about Joseph, remembered him and how well he had interpreted the dreams of the baker and himself in the prison. Going therefore to the king, he said, “I do remember my faults this day. Pharaoh was angry with his servants and put me in the prison of the captain of the guard, both me and the chief baker. And we dreamed a dream in one night, I and he. And there was with us a young man, servant to the captain of the guard, and we told him and he interpreted to us our dreams. And it came to pass as he interpreted to us.” When Pharaoh heard this, he at once sent for Joseph, and they took him from the dungeon and shaved him and changed his clothes and brought him before the king.

And the king said to Joseph, "I have dreamed a dream and there is no one who can interpret it. I have heard say of you that you can understand dreams to interpret them."

Joseph answered, "It is not in me. God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace."

Pharaoh then told Joseph his dream. He said, "In my dream I stood upon the bank of the river and there came up out of the river seven cows, fat and sleek, and they fed in a meadow. And, behold, seven other cows came up after them, lean and ill-favored, such as I never saw before in all the land of Egypt for badness. And the lean and ill-favored cows ate up the first seven fat and well-favored cows; and when they had eaten them up you would not have known they had eaten them, for they were still as lean and as ill-favored as they had been before. So I awoke. And I dreamed again, and, behold, seven ears of corn, full and good, came up on one stalk, and seven other ears, withered, thin, and blasted with the east wind, sprung up after them, and the thin ears devoured the seven good ears. This I told unto the magicians, but there was none who could declare it to me."

Joseph thought for a moment and then said to Pharaoh, "The king's dreams are one. God hath showed Pharaoh what he is about to do. The seven good cows are seven years, and the seven good ears are seven years. The dream is one. And the seven thin and ill-favored cows that came up after them are seven years; and the seven empty ears blasted by the east wind are seven years. Thus God has showed Pharaoh what he



JOSEPH INTERPRETS PHARAOH'S DREAM

is about to do. Behold there come seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt; and there shall arise after them seven years of famine, and all the plenty shall be forgotten in the land of Egypt, for the famine shall be very grievous. As the dream came twice to Pharaoh, God will shortly bring it to pass. Now, therefore, let Pharaoh find a wise and careful man and set him over the land of Egypt to save the food of the seven plentiful years. Let him have officers appointed to help him, and let them gather the food into barns and into the cities that it may be there when the years of famine come."

Pharaoh had listened closely to all that Joseph had said. He believed that he had properly interpreted his dreams and that he had suggested the best way to meet the difficulty. The question now was where to find the man to take charge of this important work. "Whom," said Pharaoh to his advisers, "can we find more able to do this thing than this young man who has shown himself so wise and so full of the spirit of God?" He then turned to Joseph and said, "None is so wise as thou art. Thou shalt be over my house and according to thy word shall all my people be ruled. Only on the throne will I be greater than thou." Then Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand and put it upon Joseph's hand, gave him clothes of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck. Joseph rode in the second chariot next to the king, and they cried before him, "Bow the knee," for he was the ruler over all the land of Egypt. It was indeed a splendid position for a young man only thirty years old to have reached.

HOW JOSEPH'S DREAM CAME TRUE

Read the next part of the story quickly until you reach the place where Joseph's brothers come to him for food. Here begin to read slowly, noting each word, for you are going to be asked to act the story from this point on. Perhaps your teacher will ask you to be Joseph; you may be asked to be Reuben or one of the other brothers; some will have to be Joseph's Egyptian servants; so read carefully, and as you read try to understand how the men of whom you are reading felt. Remember, if you can, the words each uses. After your teacher assigns the parts, read your part of the story again in order that you may be sure to know what you are to do.

When Joseph was made ruler over the land of Egypt, he did just as he had always done. It was not Joseph's way to sit down, to rest and enjoy himself, and make others wait on him. He found his work at once, and began to do it faithfully and thoroughly. He went out over all the land of Egypt, and saw how rich and abundant were the fields of grain, giving much more than the people could use for their own needs. He told the people not to waste it, but to save it for the coming time of need.

And he called upon the people to give him for the king one bushel of grain out of every five, to be stored up. The people brought their grain, after taking for themselves as much as they needed, and Joseph stored it up in great storehouses in the cities—so much at last that no one could keep account of it, any more than they could count the sands of the seashore.

The king of Egypt gave a wife to Joseph from the noble young women of his kingdom. Her name was

Asenath; and to Joseph and his wife God gave two sons. The oldest son he named Manasseh, a word which means "Making to Forget".

"For," said Joseph, "God has made me to forget all my troubles and my toil as a slave".

The second son he named Ephraim, a word that means "Fruitful". "Because," said Joseph, "God has not only made the land fruitful; but he has made me fruitful in the land of my troubles".

The seven years of plenty soon passed by, and then came the years of need. In all the lands around people were hungry, and there was no food for them to eat; but in the land of Egypt everybody had enough. Most of the people soon used up the grain that they had saved; many had saved none at all, and they cried to the king to help them. But the king was not the one who could help them in their hunger.

"Go to Joseph!" said king Pharaoh, "and do whatever he tells you to do".

Then the people came to Joseph, and Joseph opened the storehouses, and sold to the people all the grain that they wished to buy. And not only the people of Egypt came to buy grain, but people of all the lands around as well, for there was great need and famine everywhere.

Now the need of food was as great in the land of Canaan, where Jacob lived, as in other lands. Jacob was rich in flocks and cattle, and gold and silver, but his fields gave no grain, and there was danger that his family and his people would starve. And Jacob—who was now called Israel also—heard that there was

food in Egypt and he said to his sons: "Why do you look at each other, asking what to do to find food? I have been told that there is grain in Egypt. Go down to that land, and take money with you, and bring grain, so that we may have bread, and may live."

Then the ten older brothers of Joseph went down to the land of Egypt. They rode upon asses, for horses were not much used in those times, and they brought money with them. But Jacob would not let Benjamin, Joseph's younger brother, go with them, for he was all the more dear to his father, now that Joseph was no longer with him; and Jacob feared that harm might come to him.

Then Joseph's brothers came to Joseph to buy food. They did not know him, grown up to be a man, dressed as a prince, and seated on a throne. Joseph was now nearly forty years old, and it had been almost twenty-three years since they had sold him. But Joseph knew them all, as soon as he saw them. He wished to be sharp and stern with them, not because he hated them, but because he wished to see what their spirit was, and whether they were as selfish, and cruel, and wicked as they had been in other days.

They came before him, and bowed, with their faces to the ground. Then, no doubt, Joseph thought of the dream that had come to him while he was a boy, of his brothers' sheaves bending down around his sheaf. He spoke to them as a stranger, as if he did not understand their language, and he had their words

explained to him in the language of Egypt by means of an interpreter.

"Who are you? And from what place do you come?" said Joseph, in a harsh, stern manner.

They answered him very meekly, "We have come from the land of Canaan to buy food, so that our families at home need not die of hunger."

"No," said Joseph, "I know what you have come for. You have come as spies, to see how helpless the land is, so that you can bring an army against us, and make war on us."

"No, no," said Joseph's ten brothers. "We are no spies. We are the sons of one man, who lives in the land of Canaan; and we have come for food because we have none at home."

"You say that you are the sons of one man. Who is your father? Is he living? Have you any more brothers? Tell me all about yourselves."

And they said: "Our father is an old man in Canaan. We did have a younger brother, but he was lost; and we have one brother still, who is the youngest of us all, but his father could not spare him to come with us."

"No," said Joseph. "You are not good, honest men. You are spies. I shall put you all in prison, except one of you; and he shall go and bring that youngest brother of yours; and when I see him, then I will believe that you tell the truth. If you do not bring him, then, by the life of Pharaoh, you are spies."

So Joseph put all the ten men in prison, and kept them under guard for three days; then he sent for

them again. They did not know that he could understand their language, and they said to each other, while Joseph heard, but pretended not to hear: "This has come upon us because of the wrong that we did to our brother Joseph, more than twenty years ago. We heard him cry and plead with us when we threw him into the pit, and we would not have mercy on him. God is giving us only what we have deserved in punishment for our sin."

And Reuben, who had tried to save Joseph, said: "Did I not tell you not to harm the boy? And you would not listen to me. God is bringing our brother's blood upon us all."

When Joseph heard this, his heart was touched, for he saw that his brothers were really sorry for the wrong that they had done to him. He turned away from them, so that they could not see his face, and he wept. Then he turned again to them and spoke roughly as before, and said:

"This I will do, for I serve God. I will let you all go home, except one man. One of you I will shut up in prison; but the rest of you can go home and take food for your people. And you must come back and bring your youngest brother with you, and I shall know then that you have spoken the truth."

Then Joseph gave orders, and his servants seized one of his brothers, whose name was Simeon, and bound him in their sight and took him away to prison. And he ordered his servants to fill the men's sacks with grain, and to put every man's money back into his sack before it was tied up, so that they would

find the money as soon as they opened the sacks. Then the men loaded their asses with the sacks of grain, and started to go home, leaving their brother Simeon a prisoner.

When they stopped on the way to feed their asses, one of the brothers opened his sack, and there he found his money lying on the top of the grain. He called out to his brothers: "See, here is my money given back to me!" And they were frightened, but they did not dare to go back to Egypt and meet the stern rule of the land. They went home and told their old father all that had happened to them, and how their brother Simeon was in prison, and must stay there until they should return, bringing Benjamin with them.

When they opened their sacks of grain, there in the mouth of each sack was the money that they had given; and they were filled with fear. Then they spoke of going again to Egypt and taking Benjamin, but Jacob said to them:

"You are taking my sons away from me. Joseph is gone, and Simeon is gone, and now you would take Benjamin away. All these things are against me." Reuben said: "Here are my own two boys. You may kill them, if you wish, in case I do not bring Benjamin back to you." But Jacob said: "My youngest son shall not go with you. His brother is dead, and he alone is left to me. If harm should come to him, it would bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

A LOST BROTHER FOUND

Into what four parts may the rest of the story be divided? As you read, decide where each part should end and think of a good name for each part.

When the class has finished and good names have been selected for each part, your teacher will ask you to tell what part you think would be best for the class to act. You may have time to act each part in order. This will make a splendid play and will help you remember one of the best stories ever told.

The food which Jacob's sons had brought from Egypt did not last long, for Jacob's family was large. Most of his sons were married and had children of their own; so that the children and grand-children were sixty-six, besides the servants who waited on them, and the men who cared for Jacob's flocks. So around the tent of Jacob was quite a camp of other tents and an army of people.

When the food that had come from Egypt was nearly eaten up, Jacob said to his sons:

"Go down to Egypt again, and buy some more food for us." And Judah, Jacob's son, the man who years before had urged his brothers to sell Joseph to the Ishmaelites, said to his father:

"It is of no use for us to go to Egypt, unless we take Benjamin with us. The man who rules in that land said to us, 'You shall not see my face, unless your youngest brother be with you'."

Jacob said, "Why did you tell the man that you had a brother? You did me great harm when you told him."

“Why,” said Jacob’s sons, “we could not help telling him. The man asked us all about our family—‘Is your father yet living? Have you any more brothers?’ and we had to tell him, his questions were so close. How should we know that he would say, ‘Bring your brother here for me to see him’.”

And Judah said, “Send Benjamin with me, and I will take care of him. I promise you, that I will bring him safely home. If he does not come back, let me bear the blame forever. He must go, or we shall die for food; and we might have gone down to Egypt and come home again, if we had not been kept back.”

And Jacob said, “If he must go, then he must. But take a present to the man, some of the choicest fruits of the land, some spices, and perfumes, and nuts, and almonds. And take twice as much money, besides the money that was in your sacks. Perhaps that was a mistake, when the money was given back to you. And take your brother Benjamin; and may the Lord God make the man kind to you, so that he will set Simeon free, and let you bring Benjamin back. But if it is God’s will that I lose my children, I cannot help it.”

So the brothers of Joseph went down a second time to Egypt, Benjamin going in place of Simeon. They came to Joseph’s office, the place where he sold grain to the people; and they stood before their brother and bowed as before. Joseph saw that Benjamin was with them, and he said to his steward, the man who was over his house: “Make ready a dinner, for all these men shall dine with me to-day”.

When Joseph's brothers found that they were taken into Joseph's house, they were filled with fear; they said to each other:

"We have been taken here on account of the money in our sacks. They will say that we have stolen; and then they will sell us all for slaves."

But Joseph's steward, the man who was over his house, treated the men kindly, and when they spoke of the money in their sacks, he would not take it again, saying: "Never fear; your God must have sent you this as a gift. I had your money." The steward received the men into Joseph's house, and washed their feet, according to the custom of the land. And at noon, Joseph came in to meet them. They brought him the present from their father, and again they bowed before him, with their faces on the ground.

And Joseph asked them if they were well, and said: "Is your father still living, the old man of whom you spoke? Is he well?"

And they said, "Our father is well, and he is living". And again they bowed to Joseph. And Joseph looked at his younger brother, Benjamin, the child of his own mother, Rachel; and he said: "Is this your youngest brother, of whom you spoke to me? God be gracious unto you, my son."

And Joseph's heart was so full that he could not keep back his tears. He went in haste to his own room, and wept there. Then he washed his face, and came out again, and ordered the table to be set for dinner. They set Joseph's table for himself, as the ruler, and another table for his Egyptian officers, and

another for the eleven men from Canaan; for Joseph had brought Simeon out of the prison, and had given him a place with his brothers.

Joseph himself arranged the order of the seats for his brothers, the oldest at the head, and all in order of age down to the youngest. The men wondered at this, and could not see how the ruler of Egypt should know the order of their ages. And Joseph sent dishes from his table to his brothers; and he gave to Benjamin five times as much as to the others. Perhaps he wished to see whether they were as jealous of Benjamin as in other days they had been toward him.

After dinner, Joseph said to his steward, "Fill the men's sacks with grain, as much as they can carry; and put each man's money in his sack. And put my silver cup in the sack of the youngest, with his money."

The steward did as Joseph had said; and early in the morning the brothers started to go home. A little while afterward, Joseph said to his steward: "Hasten, follow after the men from Canaan and say, 'Why have you wronged me, after I had treated you kindly? You have stolen my master's silver cup, out of which he drinks'." The steward followed the men, and overtook them, and charged them with stealing. And they said to him: "Why should you talk to us in this manner? We have stolen nothing. Why, we brought back to you the money that we found in our sacks; and is it likely that we would steal from your lord his silver or gold? You may search us; and if you find your master's cup on any of us, let him die, and the rest of us may be sold as slaves."

Then they took down the sacks from the asses, and opened them; and in each man's sack was his money, for the second time. And when they came to Benjamin's sack, there was the ruler's silver cup. Then, in the greatest sorrow, they tied up their bags again, and laid them on the asses, and came back to Joseph's palace. And Joseph said to them: "What wicked thing is this that you have done? Did you not know that I would surely find out your deeds?"

Then Judah said, "O my lord, what can we say? God has punished us for our sins; and now we must all be slaves, both us that are older, and the youngest in whose sack the cup was found." "No," said Joseph, "only one of you is guilty, the one who has taken away my cup; I will hold him as a slave, and the rest of you can go home to your father".

Joseph wished to see whether his brothers were still selfish, and were willing to let Benjamin suffer, if they could escape.

Then Judah, the very man who had urged his brothers to sell Joseph as a slave, came forward, and fell at Joseph's feet, and pleaded with him to let Benjamin go. He told again the whole story, how Benjamin was the one whom his father loved the most of all his children, now that his brother was lost. He said:

"I promised to bear the blame, if this boy was not brought home in safety. If he does not go back, it will kill our poor old father, who has seen much trouble. Now let my youngest brother go home to his father, and I will stay here as a slave in his place!"

Joseph knew now what he had longed to know, that his brothers were no longer cruel or selfish, but that one of them was willing to suffer, so that his brother might be spared. And Joseph could not any longer keep his secret, for his heart longed after his brothers, and he was ready to weep again, with tears of love and joy. He sent all his Egyptian servants out of the room, so that he might be alone with his brothers, and then said: "Come near to me, I wish to speak with you;" and they came near, wondering. Then Joseph said: "I am Joseph; is my father really alive?" How frightened his brothers were, as they heard these words, spoken in their own language by the ruler of Egypt, and for the first time knew that this stern man, who had their lives in his hand, was their own brother whom they had wronged! Then Joseph said again: "I am Joseph your brother, whom you sold into Egypt. But do not feel troubled because of what you did. For God sent me before you to save your lives. There have been already two years of need and famine, and there are to be five years more, when there shall neither be plowing of the fields nor harvest. It was not you who sent me here, but God, and he sent me to save your lives. God has made me like a father to Pharaoh and ruler over all the land of Egypt. Now, go home, and bring down to me my father and all his family, for that is the only way to save their lives."

Then Joseph placed his arms around Benjamin's neck, and kissed him, and wept upon him. And Benjamin wept on his neck. And Joseph kissed all his



JOSEPH EMBRACES BENJAMIN

brothers, to show them that he had fully forgiven them; and after that his brothers began to lose their fear of Joseph, and talked with him more freely.

Afterward Joseph sent his brothers home with good news and rich gifts and abundant food. He sent also wagons in which Jacob and his family might ride from Canaan down to Egypt. And Joseph's brothers went home happier than they had been for many years.

—From Hurlbut's "Story of the Bible".
Courtesy of The John C. Winston Company.

MIXED SENTENCES

On page 104 you will find directions telling you what to do with the groups of words below. Follow the directions exactly, except that in this case you must number the lines on your paper from 1 to 12.

1. name is a John boy's.
2. books made iron of are.
3. Apples on pears trees and grow.
4. both are molasses sweet and sugar.
5. used is milk for paint.
6. horns cows four have.
7. the on ships sail sea.
8. wool their on backs have sheep.
9. rains during it only night the
10. made brick of houses are and stone.
11. coal for is food used.
12. summer we every skate the on ice.

LONGER LISTS

There is something for you to write in each one of the following paragraphs. Find out just what to write and where to write it. You will be judged by the exactness with which you can follow these directions. Some fourth grade boys and girls can do this exercise in about five minutes. Perhaps you can too, but do not hurry on so quickly that your work is not done carefully.

1. Write your name on the first line of your paper at the right, and your grade below it on the second line.

2. Do not write anything on the third line, but on the fourth line in the margin, write the figure 1; and on the next line figure 2; and on the next, 3; and so on up to figure 7.

3. Look at the first list of words at the bottom of the page. It is a list of birds. Can you name more birds that could be added to the list? You could use *woodpecker*, *eagle*, *black-bird*, or *crow*. Write two of these words after figure 1 on your paper.

4. There are six other lists of words, and each list names not birds, but other things. Read the second list. It names flowers, does it not? After figure 2 on your paper, write the names of two other flowers that might belong to that list.

5. After figure 3, write two words that might belong to the third list. And in the same way, after 4, 5, 6, and 7, write two words that could belong to these other lists of things. When you finish, wait quietly for the others.

1. robin, sparrow, thrush, wren.
2. daisy, violet, periwinkle, tulip.
3. John, Mary, Henry, Isabel.
4. cat, elephant, squirrel, giraffe.
5. tag, jacks, baseball, Red Rover.
6. house, store, station, fire-house.
7. Purple, green, yellow, brown.

TOM'S TRIP ON A DREAM CLOUD

THE POKER TELLS HIS STORY

Tom was stretched out on the great bear-skin rug before the fire. He had been there for a long time—much longer than he really knew. He thought that he was only watching the fire-light dancing on the shining brass handle of the Poker,—but somehow, without ever knowing just how, he found himself floating off on a cloud—a real dream cloud—a very strange place for a boy to be—but there he was, and strangest of all, he found that he could talk Poker-Talk, or perhaps, that the Poker could talk Boy-Talk—for at any rate, Tom understood when the Poker started to tell his story.

“I suppose,” said the Poker, after the Andirons had passed out of a hearing distance, “I suppose you think it a very extraordinary thing that I, who am nothing but a poker, should be satisfied with my lot. Eh?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” said Tom, snuggling down on the cloud which he found to be deliciously soft and comfortable. “If you were a Poker who could only poke it might seem queer. But you can talk and sing and travel about. You don’t have to do any work in summer time, and in winter you have a nice warm spot to stay in all the day long. I don’t think it’s very strange.”

“But I’m not different from any other Poker,” said Tom’s companion. “They all do pretty much what I do, except that most of them are always growling at their hard lot, while I do very little but



HE FOUND HIMSELF FLOATING OFF ON A CLOUD

sing and rejoice that I am what I am, and the story I was going to tell you was how I came to be so well satisfied to be a Poker. Would you like to have me do that, Tom?"

"Yes," said Tom. "Very much. Were you always a Poker?"

"Not I," said the Poker, with a shake of his head. "I've been a Poker only two years. Before that I had been a little of everything. What do you suppose I began life as?"

"A railroad track," said Tom, bound to have a guess at the right answer, though he really hadn't the slightest notion that he was correct.

"You came pretty near it," said the Poker, with a smile. "I began life as a boy."

"I don't see how a boy is pretty near a railroad track," said Tom.

"The boy I began life as lived right next door to a railroad," explained the Poker. "See now?"

"Yes," said Tom. "But why didn't you stay a boy?"

"Because I wasn't contented," said the Poker, with a sigh. "I ought to have been, though. I had everything in the world that a boy could want. My parents were as good to me as they could possibly be. I had all the toys I wanted. All I could eat—plenty of pudding and other good things as often as they were to be had. I had two little sisters, who used to do everything in the world for me. Plenty of boy friends to play with, and, as I said before, a railroad right next door—and oh, the trains, and trains, and trains I used to see! It was great fun. I can see,

now that I look back on it, and yet I never was satisfied. I used to cry my eyes out sometimes because I hadn't wings like a bird, so that I could fly. At other times I'd get discontented that I couldn't run as fast as a dog—I never went to bed without feeling envious of somebody or something.

“Finally one night I'd gone to bed feeling particularly unhappy because a big eagle I had seen flying about in the sky could do things I couldn't. My nurse, thinking I was asleep, went out of the nursery and left me alone. Just as she went out of one door the other door opened and a beautiful lady came in.

“‘Is that you, mama?’ I asked.

“‘No,’ said she. ‘I am not your mother. I am a Fairy.’

“I had been crying pretty hard, I can tell you,” said the Poker, with a shake of his head, “but as soon as I heard the lady say she was a Fairy my tears dried up as quick as lightning.

“‘I am a Fairy,’ she repeated, coming to the side of my little bed and stroking my forehead kindly. ‘My duty is to seek out one discontented person each year and see if I can't do something to help him. I have come to help you if I can. Don't you like being a boy?’

“‘Not very much,’ said I. ‘It's awfully hard work. I have to go to school every day and learn lots of things I don't care to know about, and most of the time I'm kept in an hour or two just because I can't remember how much seven times two are, or whether c-a-t spells dog or horse, and I don't like it.’

“ ‘But you are strong and well. Your father and mother are very good to you and you have more good times than unhappy ones, don’t you?’

“ ‘I never counted,’ said I. ‘I don’t believe I do, though. I’m strong and well, but so is that eagle I saw to-day, and he can fly, and I can’t. Then there’s my little dog—he’s as well as can be, and my father and mother are kind to him just as they are kind to me. He doesn’t have to bother with school. He’s allowed to go anywhere he wants to, and never gets scolded for it. Besides, he doesn’t have to be dressed up all the time and live in a bathtub the way I do.’

“ ‘Then you think you would be happier as Rollo than you are as yourself?’ said she.

“ ‘Very much,’ said I.

“ ‘Then it shall be so,’ said she. ‘Good-by!’

“She went out as quietly as she had come, and I turned over and after thinking over what she had said I fell asleep. Then the queerest thing happened. I slept right through until the morning, dreaming the strangest dream you ever heard of. I dreamed that I had been changed into Rollo—and oh, the fun I had! Life was nothing but play and liberty, and then I waked. I tried to call my father and tell him I was ready for the morning story, but what do you suppose I did instead?”

“Give it up,” said Tom. “What?”

“I barked,” said the Poker, “and when I barked I looked down at my feet. Sure enough I was Rollo, and Rollo was lying asleep in my bed. I was on the floor at the foot of the bed. Then the nurse came in

and slapped me for barking and I had the pleasure of being sent down stairs to the cellar, while Rollo himself, who had been changed into me went into my father's room and got the story."

"Mercy!" said Tom. "I guess you were sorry about that."

"I was a little," said the Poker. "But after I had been down in the cellar an hour or two I saw a beautiful piece of steak in the icebox and I ate it all up. It wasn't cooked at all, but being a little dog I liked it all the better for that. Then I drank up a panful of milk and had a lovely time teasing the cat, until the cook came down, when my troubles began. I never knew when I was a boy that Rollo had troubles, but I found out that day that he had. The cook gave me a terrible whipping because I had eaten the steak, and I had hardly recovered from that when Rollo, who was now what I had been, took me up into the nursery and played with me just as I had always played with him. He held me up by the tail; he flicked me with his handkerchief; he harnessed me up to a small cart and made me drag his sisters' doll babies about the room for one whole hour, and then when lunch time came the waitress forgot me and I had to go hungry all the afternoon. Every time I'd try to go into the kitchen, the cook would drive me out with a stick for fear I would eat the other things in the cellar—and oh, dear, I had a miserable time of it.

"The worst of it came two or three days later," continued the Poker. "It was Rollo's bath day, and as I was Rollo of course I had to take Rollo's bath,

and my, wasn't it awful! I'd rather take a hundred such baths as I had when I was a boy than one like Rollo's. The soap got into my eyes and I couldn't say a word. Then it got into my mouth, and bah! how fearful it was. After that I was grabbed by all four of my legs and soused into the water until I thought I should drown, and rubbed until my fur nearly came off.

"I wished then that I had asked the Fairy to leave her address so that I could send for her and have her come back and let me be a boy again. All the fun of being Rollo was spoiled by the woes that were his to bear—woes I had never dreamed of his having until I took his place.

"I must have been Rollo a month when the Fairy came back one night to see how I was getting along. Rollo lay asleep in my crib, while I was curled up in a dog basket at the foot of it.

" 'Well,' said the Fairy as she entered the room, 'how do you both do?'

" 'I like it first-rate,' said Rollo. 'Being a boy is ever so much nicer than being a dog.'

" 'I think so, too,' said I. 'And if you don't mind I'd like to be a boy again.'

" 'What boy do you want to be?' she asked.

" 'What boy?' said I. 'Why, myself, of course. Who else?'

" 'What has Rollo to say about that?' said the Fairy, turning to him—and I tell you, Tom, it made my heart sick to hear that Rollo had anything to say about it, for there couldn't be much doubt as to how



"I'M SORRY, MY DEAR"

he would decide. And it was just as I feared. Rollo knew a good thing when he had it.

“‘I’m satisfied the way things are now,’ said he. ‘I wouldn’t change back and be a Scotch terrier for all the world.’

“Then the Fairy turned to me and said, ‘I’m sorry, my dear, but if Rollo won’t consent to the change you’ll have to be contented to remain as you are—unless you’d like to try being an eagle for a while.’

“‘I’ll never consent,’ said Rollo, selfishly, though I couldn’t really blame him for it.

“‘Then make me an eagle’ I said. ‘Make me anything but what I am.’

“‘Very well,’ said the Fairy. ‘Good-night.’

“Next morning,” continued the Poker, “when I waked up I was cold and stiff, and when I opened my eyes to look about me I found myself seated on a great ledge of rock on the side of a mountain. Far below me were tops of trees in a forest I never remembered to have seen before, while above me a hard black wall of rock rose straight up for a thousand feet. To climb upward was impossible; to climb down, equally so.

“‘What on earth does this mean?’ thought I; and then, in attempting to walk, I found that I had but two legs, where the night before I had fallen asleep with four.

“‘Am I a boy again?’ I cried with delight.

“‘No,’ said a voice from way below me in the trees. ‘You are now an eagle and I hope you will be happy.’

“‘You never were an eagle, were you, Tom?’” said the Poker, gazing earnestly into Tom’s face.

"No," said Tom, "never. I've never been any kind of bird."

"Well, don't you ever be one," said the Poker, with a knowing shake of the head. "It's all very beautiful to think about, but being an eagle is entirely different from what thinking about it is. I was that eagle for one whole month. In the first place it was fight, fight, fight for food. It was lots of fun at first jumping off the crag down a thousand feet into the valley, but flying back there to get out of the way of the huntsmen was worse than pulling a sled with rusty runners up a hill a mile long. Then, when storms came up I had to sit up there on that mountain side and take 'em all as they came. I hadn't any umbrella—eagles never have—to keep off the rain; and no walls except on one side, to keep off the wind, and no shutters to close up so that I couldn't see the lightning. All I got to eat in the whole month was a small goat and a chicken hawk, and those I had to swallow wool, feathers and all. Then I got into fights with other eagles, and finally I fell into a trap and was caught by some men who put me in a cage so that people could come to see me. Ever been shut up in a cage?"

"No," said Tom, "only in a dark closet".

"Never had to stay shut up, though, more than ten minutes, did you?"

"No," answered Tom, "never".

"Well, think of me cooped up in an old cage for two weeks!" said the Poker. "That was woe enough for a lifetime, but it wasn't half what I had altogether. The other creatures in the Zoo growled and shrieked

all night long; none of us ever got a quarter enough to eat, and several times the monkey in the cage next to me would reach his long arm into my prison and yank out half a dozen of my feathers at once. In fact, I had nothing but mishaps all the time. At the end of two weeks I was nearly frantic. I don't think I could have stood it another week—but fortunately at the end of the month back came the Fairy again.

“ ‘How do you like being an eagle?’ she said.

“ ‘I'd rather be a tree rooted to the ground in a dense forest than all the eagles in the world.’ said I.

“ ‘Very well,’ said she. ‘It shall be so. Good-night.’

“In the morning I was a tree—and if there is anything worse than being a dog or an eagle it's being a tree,” said the Poker. “I could hear processions going by with fine bands of music in the distance, but I couldn't stir a step to see them. Boys would come along and climb up into my branches and shake me nearly to pieces. Cows came and chewed up my leaves, and one day the wood-cutters came and were just about to cut me down when the Fairy appeared again and sent them away.

“ ‘They will be back again tomorrow,’ she said. ‘Do you wish to remain a tree?’

“ ‘No, no, no,’ I cried. ‘I'll be content to be anything you choose if you will save me from them.’

“ ‘There,’ she said. ‘That's the point. If you will keep that promise you will finally be happy. If you will only look on the bright side of things, remembering the pleasant and forgetting the unpleasant, you will be happy. If you will be satisfied with what you are

and have and not go about swelling up with envy whenever you see anyone or anything that has or can do things that you have not or cannot do, you will be happy. Will you promise me this?"

" 'Indeed I will,' I said.

" 'Even if I change you into just a common Poker?"

" 'Yes,' said I.

" 'Very well,' said she. 'It shall be so.'

"Next morning I waked up to find myself as you see—nothing more than a Poker, but contented to be one. I have kept my promise to the Fairy, and I am simply the happiest thing in the world. I don't sit down and groan because I have to poke the fire. On the contrary, when I am doing that I'm always thinking how nice it will be when I get done and I lean up against the rack and gaze on all the beautiful things in the room. I always think about the pleasant things, and if you don't know it, Tom, let me tell you that that's the way to be happy and to make others happy. Sometimes people think me vain. The Fender told me one night I was the vainest creature he ever knew. I'm not really so. I only will not admit that there is anything or anybody in the world who is more favored than I am. That is all. If I didn't do that I might sometime grow a little envious in spite of myself. As it is, I never do and haven't had an unhappy hour since I became a contented Poker."

Tom was silent for a few minutes after the Poker had completed his story, and then he said:

"Don't you sometimes feel unhappy because you are not the boy you used to be?"

"No," replied the Poker. "I am not, because Rollo makes a better boy than I was. He is a contented boy and I was not."

"But don't you miss your father and mother?" queried Tom.

"Of course not," said the Poker, "because the Fairy was good enough to have me made into the Poker in their new house. My parents moved away from the railroad just after Rollo became me, and built themselves a new house, and of course they had to have a new poker to go with it—so I really live home, you see, with them."

A curious light came into Tom's eyes.

"Mr. Poker," said he, "who was this boy you used to be?"

"Tom," said the Poker.

"I'm not Rollo," roared Tom, starting up.

"Nobody said you were, dear; but I think you are a Sleepy-Head." And Tom's mother put the Poker back in the stand and took Tom's hand. "Let's go to bed."

—Adapted from "*Andiron Tales*",
by John Kendrick Bangs.
Courtesy of The John C. Winston Company.

QUESTIONS

I guess Tom must have been dreaming, but it was a pretty good dream for all that. Can you name in order the things that the Poker became after he was a little boy? How is it that he was at last contented to be a poker? What does Tom mean when he says "I'm not Rollo"?

WORDS OUT OF PLACE.

To do this exercise, you must read these directions very carefully. Some boys and girls in the fourth grade can do it in less than five minutes. Do not waste time, but it is better to take time enough to get everything correct.

Write your name on the first line of your paper, and your grade below it on the second line. Do not write anything on the third line. But on the fourth line in the margin write the figure 1, and on the next line the figure 2, and on the next 3, and so on up to 6.

Now look at the first list of words at the bottom of the page. Is it a list of colors, or of flowers, or of names? What kind of list is it? It is a list of fruit, is it not? Now read it again. Are all the words in the list names of fruit? Do you think ROPE belongs in the list? No, neither does anyone else. It would be a better list if the word ROPE were left out.

In each list at the bottom of the page, there is a word that should not be there. You are going to find those words, and write them on your paper. ROPE was the word that should not have been in the first list; write it after figure 1. Read the next list, and after figure 2, write the word that should be taken out of the second list. Do the same with the other lists. When you finish, wait quietly for the others to finish also.

1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.
apple	lion	cups	Mary	paint	kite
peach	mouse	desk	Helen	red	doll
rope	horse	plates	Alice	green	sky
pear	house	spoon	Elizabeth	yellow	top
grapes	cow	knife	Boston	blue	jump-rope
orange	sheep	fork	Elsie	brown	ball
plum	dog	dish	Marion	pink	jacks

